MEMOIRS OF THE DRAPER FAMILY

BY HASTINGS CARTER DRAPER.

1931

Transcribed by S. Nicholson of Dublin, Ireland. 2021.

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INTRODUCTION

The following facts relating to the Draper family my brother Edward Draper and I have compiled from old family papers and diaries, most of which have come into my possession by the courtesy of my brother's daughter-in-law, Mrs. Herbert Draper - now Mrs. Samuel Wood of Melford, Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A. Also from Evelyn's Diary, Brailley's History of Surrey, in which our family name is frequently mentioned, and from old directories and registers in the Guildhall Library and Somerset House, London.

My brother must have spent much time and labour in these researches, but which he does not appear to have arranged; and this I have endeavoured to do.

CHAPTER I.
OF THE DRAPERS GENERALLY

1216-1272 The first mention I can find of the Draper family is in Harrison Ainsworth's "Windsor Castle," where, in the chapter on the "History of Windsor Castle" (Book 3, chapter 1), he relates that in the reign of Henry III, "Eight Hundred Marks were paid by Englehard de Cygony, then Constable of Windsor Castle, to John le Draper (the then clerk of Windsor) and William his brother for repairs and additions to Windsor Castle."

And then the following: -

1355-1376 A Sir John Draper fought under Edward the Black Prince when he was in Guienne. This is mentioned in one of the copious notes in Vol. 1. of Troissart's Chronicles.

1399-1413 John Draper of Flintham, Nottinghamshire, existed in the reign of Henry IV; and Thomas Draper of Flintham aforesaid and his kingman Vincent Draper of London were mentioned as descended from the above mentioned John Draper in the Herald's Visitation, Nottinghamshire, in 1614. On their coat-of-arms were three covered gold cups and three red annulets. The crest was an arm holding a covered cup (in gold.).

1415 After the battle of Agincourt, Henry V granted the device of fleurs-de-lys upon such of his knights who had fought there. They were upon the shield of the defeated Prince de Bourbon. I therefore conclude that the three fleurs-de-lys in our coat-of-arms was derived from this, although as I have not seen a list of the knights who fought at Agincourt, I cannot say any or which of the Drapers were there, as the above-named Sir John Draper would then have been at least sixty-four years old, he may not have been there, but one of his descendants might.

1550 Christopher Draper, an alderman of the City of London, married Catherine, daughter of Sir John White; also an alderman. This Christopher Draper was

afterwards Lord Mayor of London in Queen Elizabeth's reign.

(see Brailly's History of Surrey, Vol.l, part 2.)

1584 Robert Draper was Page of the Jewel Office to Henry VIII at this date. The King granted him the Manors of Alfarthing or Halverthing and Wandsworth upon the attainder of the then owner, Archbishop Cromwell.
This Robert Draper, whose daughter Elizabeth married John Bowyer, Esq., transferred those manors to the Bowyer Family. They were afterwards transferred to Prince Charles (afterwards Charles II), in the 21st year of the reign of James I. (See Braily's History of Surrey)

1564 Sir Christopher Draper
In the sixth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Lord Clinton conveyed the Manor of Claygate to Christopher Draper, an Alderman of the City of London (afterwards knighted when he was made Lord Mayor of London during that reign). The Manor of Claygate was three years afterwards transferred by Christopher Draper to William Hardinge. Claygate was in the Hundred of Woking.

1571 Henry Draper of Colesbrook, Middlesex, was granted a coat of arms with the three covered gold cups in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

1600s Sir Thomas Draper surrendered the Manor of Hornsey Rowe to Sir Thomas Rowe and eleven others as an equivalent ground rent duly applied by the Church-wardens of Hornsey.

1611 Sir Thomas Draper of Crayford, Kent, died and was buried in the Church of St. Mary Craye, Kent, where he has a white marble tomb with effigies of himself and his wife, Dame Sarah Draper. From the Latin inscription upon it he was evidently upon the civic council of London. On his coat-of-arms were three black fleurs-de-lys and five ermines.

On the tomb of this Sir Thomas Draper was an inscription to the effect that his

widow, Dame Sarah, afterwards married Sir Michael Kemp. She died 1650, aged 77. The inscription also stated that Sir Thomas Draper "Vixit omnia societatis sine munia, et in communi civitatis concilis Diu (?) sed isset placide. Decessit in Domini. Vir placidus prudens et pius obituit 23rd October A.D.1611."

By his wife Sarah he left three sons, William, and one daughter.
William Draper, his son, of Crayford also, has a tomb close by in the same Church; he is mentioned herein later on.

1614 Thomas Draper, of Flintham, Nottinghamshire and his kinsman Vincent Draper of London were descended from John Draper of Flintham aforesaid who was in the time of Henry IV, as stated in the Herald's visitation of the County of Notts in 1614. Their coat-of-arms had the three covered cups and three annulets, their crest was an arm holding a covered cup as before mentioned under the heading of "John Draper."

1618 Thomas Draper of St. Margaret's Westminster, Vintner. Administration of his estate granted. The coat-of-arms of the Draper family of London in 1618 bearing three black fleurs-de-lys and five black ermines were granted to Thomas Draper of Marlow, Bucks, by 14th Elizabeth in the year 1572. They were also borne by Draper of Stroud Green, London in 1613, and after by the William Draper who married Sir John Evelyn's daughter Susannah in the year 1697.

1614 & 1626 Robert Bennett Draper, then Sheriff of Chester, died in December 1614 and his son Richard Draper, also a sheriff of Chester, died in 1626 (see small black marble tablet with gold letters in Chester Cathedral near the Union Jack flag over the Jutland Memorial to Jack Cornwall.)

1640 In a list of the "Principal Inhabitants of the City of London" in 1640, in the Guildhall Library, are the following entries: -

John Draper of St. Gregory's by St. Paul's, London (note by H. C. Draper: He possibly may have been the father of the William Draper who married Sir John

Evelyn's daughter in 1697.)

Nicholas Draper of St. Faith's under St. Paul's, London.

Date? A Sir Thomas Draper, knighted by Charles I or Charles II.

1650 William Draper made Parliamentary Captain by Oliver Cromwell, together with Thomas Goodwin and Thomas Appletree.

1650 Richard Draper writes to Paunce pool for certificate that he had delivered his accounts to 6th April 1650.
William Draper of Crayford, Kent son of before named Sir Thomas Draper of same place) died and was buried in the same Church of St. Mary Cray, Kent, as his said father who died in 1611. The said William Draper married Mary, the youngest daughter of Richard Creshold, a Sergeant-at-Law and one of the Justices of the Common Pleas. The said William and Mary left one son, Creshold Draper, and a daughter Mary.

1651 The William Draper who was made a Captain by Oliver Cromwell was now made Governor of Oxford by him.

This concludes the list of the Drapers up this period so far as we have been able to ascertain. The Draper and Evelyn branch of them I reserve for the next chapter.

Here follow names which may or may not be connected with our immediate branch of the Draper family. I am afraid I must leave those who come after me to obtain proofs of this; all I can do is to find he names and certain particulars of these Drapers, although I have little doubt but that there is a family connection, though distant, between all those mentioned. I provide the parts of the puzzle and suggestions, but I must leave others to fit them in, which I hope one of my near descendants will succeed in doing.

1618 Thomas Draper, of St. Margaret's Westminster, vintner, was married to

Frances Deames at the Church of St. Margaret's.

1625-6 John Draper of Littleington near Beachy Head, Sussex was married to Frances Draper of St. Giles's, Bloomsbury, London.

1652 Roger Draper, by his will dated May 4th 1659, bequeathed £20 for apprenticing poor boys of Hackney, Middlesex (From Somerset House Will Registry). This Roger Draper, therefore, was most likely an inhabitant of Hackney, and the place as well as the person is necessary for the purpose of identification, also the date.

1665 William Draper of St. Mary Aldenbury, Bachelor, married Martha Freshwater of St. Margaret's Westminster, Spinster. (Guildhall Library)

1667 George Draper of Hitchan, Herts to Sarah Nodes of same. (Guildhall Library)

1674 Samuel Draper of London, gentleman, aged about 24, married Elizabeth Lord of Hackney, Spinster, about the same age, at St. Christopher's Church, Threadneedle Street (London, Guildhall Library)

1677 Samuel Draper, of Tokenhouse Yard in the City of London, is mentioned amongst the List of Merchants of London for that year. (This directory is in my possession.) I have bracketed the two above names together, as I believe them to be the same person. This Samuel Draper, I believe, left three sons, Edmond or Edmund, William and a daughter Susanna; this Edmund Draper was omitted from his mother's will on account of an imprudent marriage. (See Edward Draper's notes in "Family Memorandum Book.")

CHAPTER II.

OF THE EVELYNS AND DRAPERS.

I will here give a short account of the Evelyn family, gathered from "Evelyns diary."
In the preface to "John Evelyn's Diary" it is stated that

> The grandfather of this John Evelyn, George, was not the first of the family who settled in Surrey; John the father of this George was of Kingston in 1520, he purchased very considerable estates in Surrey, and three of his sons became heads of three families, viz: - Thomas, his eldest son, at Long Ditton, John at Godstone, and Richard at Wotton, some of whom carried on the manufacture of gunpowder in the reign of Charles 1st and even during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Each of these three families had the title of Baronet conferred on them, viz: at Godstone in 1660, at Long Ditton in 1683, and Wotton in 1713.

John Evelyn, the diarist, married the daughter of Sir Richard Browne, the Ambassador to France in the reign of Charles 1. They had two sons and three daughters, the eldest of whom was born on the 20th May 1669 and baptised in the name of Susannah on the 25th of the same month. The following entries were made by the said John Evelyn in his diary: -

> **April 27th 1693**. My daughter Susanna was married to William Draper Esquire in the chapel of Ely House by Dr. Tenison, Bishop of London (since Archibishop). I save her in portion £4000, her jointure is £500 per ann., good child, religious, discreet, ingeneious and qualified with all the ornaments of her sex. She has a peculiar talent in design, as painting in oil and miniature, and an extraordinary genius for whatever hands can do with her needle. She has read most of the Greek and Roman authors and poets, using her talents with greate modesty, exquisitely shaped, and of agreeable countenance. This character is due to her tho' coming from her father.

In the correspondence at the end of Samuel Pepys' Diary, John Evelyn, who was a great friend of Pepys', wrote to the latter from Sayes Court on July 6th 1693:-

> This I should have told you here now at York Buildings had not my son Draper (son-in-law), his wife and mother been with us. They are of the most obliging, useful, and ingeniously disposed conversation I could ever have desired to place my daughter among, I think in England; and pronouncing her very happy, I cannot but make so good a friend part of contentment: nor is my son in Ireland less unmindful of you, etc.
>
> (9 month) Sir Purbeck Temple died suddenly. A great funeral at Adiscombe. His lady being owne aunt to son Draper he hopes for a good fortune their being no heir.

The following references are made to Sir Purbeck Temple in Evelyn's Diary:-
"Sir Purbeck Temple was ambassador to Holland,"

> **1695. July 19th**. I dined at Sir Purbeck Temple's neere Croydon, his lady is aunt to my son-in-law Draper; the house exactly furnished. Went thence with my son and daughter to Wotton
>
> **August 29th.** Sir Purbeck Temple, uncle to my son-in-law Draper, died suddenly. A greate funeral (party) at Addiscombe but he was buried at Islington. His lady being owne aunt to my son Draper he hoped for a good fortune there being no heir.
>
> **June 25th.** A trial in the Common Pleas between Lady Purbeck Temple and Mr. Temple a nephew of Sir Purbeck concerning a deed set up to take place of several wills. This deed was proved to be forged. The cause went on my lady's side. This concerning my son-in-law Draper, I staid almost all day in Court. A great supper was given to the jury, being persons of the best condition in Buckinghamshire.
>
> **1699-1 (Xmas).** My daughter Draper being brought to bed in the Xmas holidays of a fine boy has given an heir to her most deserving husband, a prudent well natured Gent, a man of business, like to be very rich and deserving to be so, among the happiest pairs I think in England, and to my daughters and our heart's desire. She also has a fine girle, and a mother-in-law exceedingly fond of my daughter, and a most excellent woman, charitable and of a most excellent disposition.

> They all live together keepe each their coach and with as suitable an equipage as any in towne

(Letter from John Evelyn to Dr. Bohun, dated Wotton 18th January 1697.)

> **1700 (March 8th)** I was at the funerall of Lady Temple who was buried at Islington, brought from Adscomb near Croydon. She left my son-in-law Draper (her nephew) the mansion house of Adscomb near Croydon. She left son-in-law Draper the mansion house of Adscomb very nobly and completely furnished with the estate about it, with plate and jewels to the value in all of about £20,000.
>
> She was a very prudent lady, gave many greate legacies, with £500 to the poore of Islington, where her husband Sir Purbeck Temple was buried, both dying without issue.
>
> **1701. March 18th.** I went to the funeral of sister Draper (William Draper's mother) who was buried at Edmonton in great state"

(Note by E. Draper, Mother of the gentleman who married Evelyn's daughter.)

1701, Note by Editor, my brother Edward Draper:-

This Mrs. Susan Draper (who must not be confounded with her daughter-in-law Susanna Draper) left the before mentioned will, proved in 1701 from which it appears she left two sons, the said William Draper who married Susannah Evelyn as before stated and Edmond or Edmund Draper. By this will Mrs. Susan Draper declared that the said Edmond had made a marriage of which she did not and could not approve. She therefore expressly directed that neither his wife nor her issue should take any benefit under her will; but left legacies to his children by any wife he should thereafter marry. She mentions in her will a bond for £1000 lent by her to Sir Thomas Draper (Baronet created by Charles II.)

> I went to Wotton with my family for the rest of the summer and my son-in-law Draper with his family came to stay with us, his house at Adiscomb being new building, so that my family was (as) above.

1703 July 11th. I went to Adiscomb near Croydon, 16 miles from Wotton, the outside, to the coveing, being such excellent brickwork, based with Portland stone, with the pilasters, windows and within that I pronounced it in all the points of good and solid architecture, to be one of the very best gentleman's houses in Surrey when finished. I returned to Wotton in the evening tho' weary.

1703 August 12th. The New Commission for Greenwich Hospital was sealed and opened, at which son-in-law Draper was present to whom I resigned my office of Treasurer.

1718 The said William Draper died.

1737 The said Susannah Draper his wife died and was buried at Wotton, Surrey. They left four children, namely:

1. Susannah - born 1694, died January. 12th 1772 and was buried at Wotton.
2. Edward - born 1700 (Xmas).
3. John - unknown birth and death
4. Evelyn Draper who married Charles Clarke.

1719 An Edward Draper married Elizabeth Dunscombe at St. James's Jermyn Street, his age was then 23.

1722. A will proved in the Probate Court of an Edward Draper who died abroad.

Addiscombe formerly called Adgcomb or Adscomb is about one mile and a half from Croydon, Surrey. In the reign of Henry Vlll this estate belonged to Thomas Heron, Esq., then to his son Sir Nicholas Heron who died in 1568. It afterwards became the residence of Sir John Tunstal, gentleman usher and esquire of the body to Anne of Denmark, wife of James I. Sir Purbeck Temple, knight, a member of the Privy Council of Charles II, held this estate, and dying without issue in 1695 it came into the possession of his widow who died in February 1700, having left Addiscomb to her nephew W1ll1am Draper, Esq., a son-in-law to the celebrated John Evelyn. Mr. Draper rebuilt the mansion consisting of brickwork, cased with Portland stone. The architect was said to be Grinley Gibbons, and the walls, ceilings, staircase and saloon were ornamented by Sir John Thornhill.

11.

In the course of the 18th century Addiscombe House was successively occupied by the Lord Chancellor Talbot, who died in 1737, Lord Grantham who died in 1786, and Charles Jenkinson, first Earl of Liverpool, who died in 1808.

The estate had previously became the property of Charles Clerke, Esq. through an heiress of the Draper family, and his grandson Charles John Clarke lost his life by the fall of a scaffold at some public exhibition in Paris, whither he had gone after the Peace of Amiens, in 1802. He married, but leaving no issue his estate devolved on his sister, Anne Millicent Clarke, the wife of Emilius Henry Delme, who assumed the name of Radcliffe. This gentleman was master of the stud of George IV and his successor. In 1809 Mr. Radcl1ffe sold Addiscombe to the East India Company, who founded there a Military College for the education of cadets for the engineers and artillery. But this grand building has now been razed to the ground and it's site sold for "Select Building Plots." (See Brayley's History of Surrey.")

> Note by H.C.D - A Charles Clark was one of the witnesses to my Grandfather, Carter Draper's, marriage to Elizabeth Oakes in 1799, and, I believe, his "best man."

CHAPTER III.

OF OUR PROVEN RELATIVES

And now I come to a period when I might advertise: "Wanted - a great grandfather."

This is almost as difficult a task as Captain Marryat's "Japhet in Search of a Father." I am afraid I must trust to a younger member of the family than myself to find him amongst the Drapers I have before mentioned, but this I will go into the question of, when I have given all the information I have concerning my great grandfather William Draper (who is at least a certainty). He was a cheese merchant in the City of London and had, I was informed by my Aunt Augusta Westlake (nèe Draper) fourteen ships with which he traded with Holland in those edible cannon balls. He married Rebecca Daking, the sister of Carter Daking of the large firm or tea merchants of that name at the Holborn corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, and which firm was in existence in my time, and was first pointed out to me by my father, and may be there still. From these Dakings we get the family Christian names of Carter and Daking.

Now my course is pretty clear steering, as it is derived from documents and diaries now in my possession.

I begin by copying my great grandfather William Draper's diary, which is from the birth of his first child up to his own death. The ink of this diary is brown from age, but the writing is perfectly clear and in excellent handwriting:-

> **1761 Jany. 2nd**. W. (William) Draper: Born at half an hour after 10 o'clock in the morning. S.D. (Samuel Draper) and H (or I) M(?) Godfathers, Mrs. Winterbottom Godmother.
>
> **1762 Jany. 4th.** War Declared against Spain.
> **6th.** Mrs. Deeks Died at Cavendish

26th. Mrs. Winterbottom Died at Edmonton and Buried February 1st at St. Mary at Hill Church

March 3rd. Daughter Mary Draper, born at half an hour past eleven o'clock at night. Baptized in font March 23 being then very ill.
Christened March 23 Mr. C. D. Carter Daking) and wife and Mrs. Kemp Sponsors.

Here follows a memorandum in red ink at the foot of the page by my Brother Edward Draper: -

"The above named Mr. C. D. was Mr. Carter Draper father of his son of the same name, see post. S.D. see 1st paragraph above was brother of this Mrs. C. D. and was the Bookseller sometimes partner with Jacob Tonson. He was well known to Dr. Johnson and Mr. Carrick"

I do not think this is correct as, in my opinion, the "C.D. and Wife" above referred to, meant Carter Daking and his wife as I see no other evidence of a Carter Draper existing before my grandfather Carter Draper, one of whose godfathers was his uncle Carter Daking. The partner of Jacob Tonsonn, I think was either the said Samuel Draper or William Henry Draper, a poem by whom is hereinafter mentioned.

1762. March 22nd. News came of the taking of the Island of Martinico [Martinique] from the French. General Moncton Commander by Land and Adml. Rodney by Sea."

April 13th. Sent Dolly to be Wet nursed. to Mrs. Vale at Tottenham.

June 25th. Mrs. Wall Died."

June, July and August a very dry time."

Augt. 12th. Queen Charlotte delivered of a Prince at half past seven in the

morning afterwards baptized George. The same day Sixty-two tons of Silver (taken in the Hermione Spanish Register Ship) came thro' the City in Twenty Waggons, preceded by a Band of Music and Guards, and Lodged in the Tower.

Sept. 29th. News came of the taking the Havanah from the Spaniards in the West Indies.

Novr. Mrs. Draper taken with the Smallpox.
Billy taken with it on her recovery. Polly [Mary] Brot. from Nurse to have it at same time & thank God all did well

1763. Jany. 4th. Mrs. Draper miscarried.

7th. Father-in-law, Daking Died at Cavendish.

March 23rd. Peace proclaimed with France & Spain in London.
The great want of Fodder for the Cattle after a severe winter. Numbers of Cattle dying for want.

1763. Monday. Novr. 23th. Mrs. Draper delivered of a Son at half an hour past one o'clock in the afternoon. She was most remarkably bad at and after Delivery.

Thursday. Decr. 1st. The child privately baptized Thomas being then ILL.

1765. May 19th. Mrs Mawdsley Died.

Novr. 7th. Thursday. A remarkable bad fire happened at the End of Bishopsgate and Leadenhall St. & likewise burnt all the houses on the West Side of Bishopsgate St. from Cornhill to Merchant Taylor's Hall in Threadneedle St.

1766 Augt. 22nd. At half an hour past three o'clock in the morning, Mrs. Draper delivered of a Boy christened Daking on Friday Septr. 5th. Uncle S [Samuel] Draper and self, godfathers & Sister Loggin [?] godmother.

Septr. 9th. The boy Henry Auld came to live with me.

1768. Cornelius Draper Born on Tuesday Feby 23rd, at seven o' clock in the morning and being taken ill on Tuesday March 1st. Was privately Baptised. Died on Sunday March

6th and was Buried on Friday the 11th in St. Ethelburga Church Yard about a yard from the vestry wall between the two windows.

1772 Saturday Sep, 12th. - Mrs. Draper brot. to bed of a boy a little before two o'clock in the morning, and on Tuesday Septr, 15th was baptized George. Mr. Edward Salmon and Bro. [brother-in-law] W. Daking. Godfathers Bro. in law C [Carter] Daking and A. Daking Proxies for them. Mrs Cole Godmother. Friday Sep. 18th - Sent to be wet nursed by Mrs. Huggins in Lordship Lane Tottenham.

1774 Friday Novr. 25th. Mrs. Draper Delivered a Boy abt. A quarter before five o'clock in afternoon, and on the 11th of Decr. baptized Carter. Uncle Saml. Draper, Cousin Rd. [Richard] Draper [probably Samuel's son] Godfather's and
Mrs. Royle Godmother.

1775 Thursday Feby. 2nd [In a different handwriting] Mr. Draper [the above Diarist] died exactly at one o'clock. Excellent husband, affectionate father, a true friend and a good Christian with much for taste and assurance of a Blessed
Immortality."

"Happy is the man which dieth in the Lord."

1791 March 7th. My brother William Daking departed this life - R.S.

(Rebecca Smart (Spring) the Diarist's widow, made these two last entries, she had then remarried to Major Genl. Timothy Smart (Spring) H.C.D.)

The will of the above Mr. William Draper was proved in London 1775. He left his widow Rebecca Daking. She afterwards married again and became Rebecca Spring, also children:

Wm. Draper aged 14 who was after in the Docks Office at Plymouth.

Mary aged 13, who married Thomas Pearson of Bishopsgate St., Cheapside.

Daking aged 9, who Was at Hull afterwards.

Thomas aged 12 (?). Afterwards of Hackney.

George aged 3. Afterwards a leather merchant of Spitalfields.

Carter (my grandfather) afterwards Solicitor of Thavies Inn, etc.

The executors to above will were the Widow, Carter Daking and Saml. Toulmine; the witnesses were Roger (?) Maudesley and Henry Auld.

This concludes the entries in my great grandfather's diary so far as he is concerned; but before leaving the period of my great grandfather, William Draper, I insert a copy of the register of his admission into a City of London guild:

> 1759, William Draper son of _____ and late appr. (apprentice) of Hector Mawdsley Cit (Citizen) & clothworker of London was admitted into the Freedom aforesaid and sworn in the Mayoralty of Sir Richard Glyn Bt. Mayor and Sir Thomas Harrison Knt Chamberlain and is entered in the book signed with the letter relating to the purchasing of Freedoms and the Admissions of Freemen (to wit). The First day of August in the 33rd year of the Reign of King George the 2nd and in the year of our Lord 1759.
> In witness whereof the Seal of the office of Chamberlain of the said City is hereunto affixed. Dated in the Chamber of the Guild-Hall of the same City the Day and Year aforesaid.

The above does not mean that William Draper was a cloth worker who had been apprenticed to Hector Mawdsley because he was not, it is the form of admission to the Freedom of the City of London which must be through one of the Guilds.
The same notice was given when his son, my grandfather, Carter Draper, who was a Solicitor, was admitted to the Freedom of the City through the Clothworkers Guild in the 41st year of the reign of George the 3rd (1801).

CHAPTER IV.

I will now go straight onto my grandfather Carter Draper's Diary, which is in his small, neat handwriting, written on several fly leaves both at the beginning and end of his *Book of Common Prayer*, and which bears date the 4th August 1799. The Draper family coat-of-arms with the three white fleurs-de-lys and the motto *Industria Parit Opes* with the name "Carter Draper" underneath is on the inside of the cover. The similar coat-of-arms and motto is in my great-grandfather's diary.

Carter Draper and Elizabeth Oakes were married on the 4th August 1799 at the Church at Newington Butts in the County of Surrey.

Rebecca Daking Draper born on the 20th May 1800 at half past five in the Afternoon at a House in Thurgood's Timber Yard City Road. Christened at No. 7 Thavies Inn in the Parish of St. Andrew Holborn on the 20th Decr. 1803. Mr. John Moore Godfather and Mrs. Pearson and Mrs. Draper Godmothers. Rebecca Daking Draper was married on 24th Octr. 1826 at Lambeth Church to George M. Chadband.

Sophia Draper Born 19 June 1801, at half past ten at night at No. 3 Earl Street. Christened at the same time with Rebecca Daking. Mr. E. S. Oakes Godfather, Miss Jordis and Mrs. C. Draper, Godmothers.

Caroline Elizabeth Draper born 29 May 1802 at No. 3 Earl Street. - Died 20th Octr. following at Lambeth Terrace at half past 4 in the Afternoon & buried in Lambeth Burial Ground.

Augusta Draper Born 2d Augt. 1803 at No. 7 Thavies Inn at a quarter past 3 in the Morning. Christened with Rebecca Daking and Sophia - Mr. John Cooper Beckett Godfather, Mrs. Showers & Mrs. C. Draper Godmothers. Married 30 Aug. 1827 at Brighton to Mr. George Westlake.

Hastings Dare Draper (my father H.C.D.) born 25th March 1806 at half past 8 in the evening at No. 69 Chancery Lane. Christened 23d. Decr. 1806 at same place - Captn. Hastings Dare & my Brother Geo. Draper Godfathers & Mrs. Showers, Godmr.

Melian Eliza Draper born 23rd. August 1807 at "The Cottage" opposite Belmont Row

near Vauxhall Turnpike at 6 o'clock in the morning. Christened at No. 27 Thavies Inn on the 17th Jany. 1811. Mrs. Showers and Miss Green Godmother s and Mr. Jos. Cosfield Godfather. Miss Barnesby stood Proxy for Mrs. Showers.

Frederick Augustus Draper born 23 Novr. 1809 at 1 o'clock in the Afternoon at No. 19 Thavies Inn. Christened 17th January 1811 at No. 27 Thavies Inn. Mr. E. S. Oakes and myself Godfathers and Mrs. C. Draper Godmother.

Carter Eben Draper born 25th Novr. 1810 at No. 27 Thavies Inn at a Quarter before 3 in the afternoon - christened 17 Jany. 1811 at same place. Mr. E. B. Oakes and myself Godfathers and Mrs, C. Draper Godmother.

Charles Lionel Draper born 21 Novr. 1812 at 8 o'clock in the morning at No. 27 Thavies Inn. Died 16th June following at half past 7 in the morning and buried on the 19th in Lambeth Churchyard.

Henry Lomas Draper born 4th August 1814 at a quarter before 6 o'clock in the evening at Clapham Rise. Christened 9th Feby. 1815 at same place. Mr. Henry Lomas and myself Godfathers and Mrs. Lomas Godmother. Died (Henry Lomas Draper) 25th Aug. 1829 at Tobago & buried at Concordia Estate there.

Harrlet Dare Draper born 30th March 1816 at 20 minutes past 7 in the evening at Clapham Rise. Christened 30th March 1820 (her Birthday) at No, 2 Walcot Place Lambeth. Myself Godfather, Mrs. Draper and Mrs. Dare Godmothers. Annabella Paterson was proxy for Mrs. Dare.

Eben Oakes Draper born 16 Decr. 1817 at 10 minutes before 8 in the Evening at No. 2 Walcot Place East, Lambeth. Christened 30. March 1820 at same place - Mr.John Taylor and myself godfathers & Mrs. Draper Godmother."

Arthur Draper born 13th Jany. 1819 at 12 Minutes before 4 in the Afternoon at No. 2 Walcot Place East Lambeth. Baptised 24th, same month, Died at ten o' clock of the forenoon of the 28th same month and buried on 30. F'eby. following in Lambeth Burial Ground.

Helen Annabella Paterson Draper born 1st. Octr. 1820 at a quarter before 12 o'clock at Night at No. 2 Walcot Place East, Lambeth. Christened 7th May 1824 at Lambeth

> Church. Mr. Thomas Fether Godfather, and Sophia Draper & Augusta Draper, Godmothers.

At the end of the book upon a flyleaf my grandfather has written the following excellent prayer, I believe his own composition:

> Oh Almighty, most adored, and most beneficent being! I venture to approach thee with the most reverential awe, t return my humble thanks for the Blessings which I enjoy in this life. If thou thinkest proper, for wise purposes, although to me inscrutable, that I should endure the bitter pangs of adversity, I entreat thee to endow me with fortitude and resignation to make me to submit, not only without repining, but with cheerfulness, to thy divine Will. I know that no true comfort is to be obtained in this life, but by the path of Virtue; and I ask not at thy hands, nor dare I presume to require, that I should be happy on other terms. Keep me, I pray thee, therefore, in virtue, peace, and happiness. Bless and preserve my beloved wife, and the numerous offspring of Our Union; and teach them to understand that nothing but habits of purity will ensure them thy kindness and protection here, and hereafter. Neither for them, nor myself, do I presume to ask for wealth, but for a virtuous and contented mind. -
>
> C.D. 1827.

Then follows this note in his handwriting:-

> The height of human wisdom is, to bring our tempers down to our circumstances, and to make a calm within, under the weight of the greatest storm without.

I must now more fully mention this Samuel Draper who was mentioned as Godfather to two of my great-grandfather's children, he was a "bookseller" (i.e. publisher) in the time of Dr. Samuel Johnson and became partner in the firm of Jacob Tonson the publisher, who published some of Dr. Johnson's works. The following is an extract from “The Life of Samuel Johnson L.L.D." by Sir John Hawkins, Dublin 1787. (p. 173.).

> Mr. Garrick had many (friends) and those opulent men, three of them Mr. Draper, the partner of Mr. Tonson, Mr. Clutterbuck a mercer, and Mr. Samuel Sharpe, one of the Surgeons of Guy's Hospital negotiated a partnership between those two persons (Draper and Tonson) and by purchasing of them and assisting them to dispose of what are called

> "renter's shares" in Drury Lane Theatre enabled them to buy out Fleetwood, the then manager of it, and put David Garrick in his place

In page 384 of the same book it states of David Garrick:

> He frequented a club established for the sale of his company, at the Queens Arms tavern in St. Paul's Churchyard where were used to assemble Mr. Samuel Sharpe, the surgeon, Mr. Paterson the City Solicitor (another godfather of some of my great grandfather's children believe), Mr. Draper (Samuel) the Bookseller, Mr. Clutterbuck a mercer and a few others, they were none of them drinker's and in order to make a reckoning called only for French Wine.

In Boswell's Life of Dr. Johnson, is the following passage relating to the above club in 1772:-

> On Friday April 6th he (Dr. Johnson) carried me (Boswell) to dine at a Club which at his desire had been lately formed at the Queen's Arms in St. Paul's Churchyard. He told Mr. Hoole that he wished to have a City Club and asked him to collect one but said "Don't let them be patriots. The company (there) today were very sensible well-behaved men."

CHAPTER V.

Of William Draper's, my great-grandfather's, children, and Grandfather, Carter Draper

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Before dismissing the subject of my great-grandfather's children I will give all the information I have been able to gather of them from the letters, papers and notes in my Possession.

To begin with the eldest, William Draper, who was born in 1761. He obtained a position on the staff at the Dockyard at Plymouth; he was alive in 1817 and married, as appears by the following letter of that date from his brother Daking to his brother Carter:

Hull
29th May 1817

Dear Brother

Enclosed I return you the agreement which you will perceive is not signed by the reason given in my last, but, as much as I have a right I may readily consent to you and our brother Thomas (as Trustees on behalf of your Brother William for the money he enjoyed under our Mother's will transferring the principal for William and his wife's own use and benefit and, when called on to do it, I shall as readily execute a release of any claim on you on that account. I am glad to hear that there is a probability of your visiting York in the Summer Assizes. I wish it had been realised the last, as I was there myself for 9 days on a cause of the Corporation, otherwise I am not very desirous of visiting County towns at such times - Everything remaining extremely dull here, I not yet succeeded in obtaining a mercantile situation for William but I have got some employment for him in the Custom House through my friend the Controller, which will keep us from grumbling, and which I fancy he may keep 'till something better offers- This being a holiday with him, he has just been with me, & desires me to present his indest love to you all - When you see George remember me to him, and also most affectionately to all your own family - Emigrations to America from this port are still very numerous; nothing could give you a truer picture of the times than the

persons themselves of those who are compelled to leave this country they are of all descriptions; but most of then of the agricultural class, both old and young - dreadful necessity! - I suppose by what you say, that you and the great Don at Islington (Col, Dare), are amicable just now, and hope it is the case, if he be disposed towards you as he ought. - Adieu and believe me

Yours very affectionately,

D. Draper (Daking Draper)

(Sealed with the family seal.)

(Note: One of the trustees of this above mentioned will was the Rev. Baring Gould of Devonshire, who must have be an ancestor of Baring Gould, the modern novelist.)

By a strange coincidence the Controller of Customs mentioned in the above letter must have been at that time my wife's, Josephine Jepson (née Irving as originally spelt) grandfather Thomas Irving, who was at that time Controller of Customs at the Custom House London, and his private residence was in Great George St., Westminster.
It would therefore appear that my wife's grandfather Thomas Irving and my great-uncle Daking were friends, more than 100 years ago.

The second of the said William Draper's children was Mary, who was born on 2nd January 1761, and who was first baptised in a font on March 23rd because she was very ill and was afterwards christened on March 25th. On April 25th she was sent to be wet nursed by a Mrs. Vale of Tottenham. In November 1762, as her mother was taken with the small-pox, also her brother "Billy ", she, "Polly", was brought from her nurse to have it at the same time; and "all did well," according to my great-grandfather's diary. She (Mary) afterwards married Mr. Thomas Pearson, a cheese merchant in the City of London.

The third child, Thomas, born on 28th November 1703, was privately baptised on the 1st December following, being very ill. He did not die then, however, for after

he had attained to manhood, he became manager of a shipping company in Hull. In one of my grandfather's (Carter Draper's) copy letter books by a letter addressed to

the Shipping Company that Thomas was in, I read that Thomas having been dismissed from the Company apparently on the ground that he owed them certain monies he had received on their behalf, his brother Carter wrote the Company an indignant letter saying that his brother was the soul of honour" and that the monies they claimed had been expended by his brother for the use of the Company and that they owed him more for monies expended out of his own pocket for their use.

My great-grandfather's fourth child was the before-mentioned Daking, born in 1766. Beyond the letter just mentioned I find no other information of him.

The fifth child was Cornelius, born February 23rd 1768 and died on March 6th following. The sixth child, George, Was born in 1772 and nursed by Mrs. Huggins (appropriate name for a nurse). He became a Russia Leather merchant, married and left three children, John Draper (who died about 1889), Laura who married a Mr Cooper and a daughter who married a Mr. Church, who left two sons and a daughter Alice Church, who married a Mr. Bedell, the father and mother of Mrs. Dora Burton hereinafter mentioned.
With regard to Mrs. Dora Burton, a very peculiar incident occurred recently.A lady member of a literary club to which I belonged, and with whom I had been corresponding on account of her having similar literary artistic tastes, was criticising some of my verses at her home in Finchley when her mother, seeing my name to them explained: "Hastings Draper? Why, he's a relation of ours.
I have visited his father Hastings Draper, the solicitor of Vinoent Square, and his brother Edward Draper of the Savage Club has often been here." She was the great-granddaughter of my great-grandfather, William Draper, and she and her daughter, Mrs. Dora Burton, were therefore cousins of mine.

The seventh (and last) child of my said great-grandfather was my grandfather, Carter Draper, the publisher, and cousin Richard Draper for his godfathers.
My said great-grandfather died in 1775. I will now proceed to my grandfather

Carter Draper and his family.

With regard to my said grandfather, who was, as before mentioned, born on the 25th November 1774.

My Grandfather was slightly made and active and a very quick walker, as told me by my mother. I have his picture, there is a look of melancholy benevolence on his features which I associate with his misfortunes. He was of a gentle, affectionate disposition, strictly honourable and moral, a thorough gentleman in education and manner and a good and devout Christian. He was fond of classical literature, and was composing a Dictionary of Rhymes which was unfinished at his death. His favourite poem was "Gray's Elegy", a copy of which he made in his small, neat handwriting, which I had for some time but which latter is now, or was, in the possession of my nephew George Draper.

When I was about four years old I saw my grandmother Draper. I was taken to see her by my mother, but i was too young to have carried away any impression of her except that of a tall old lady in widow's deep mourning The next incident I recollect concerning her, was my being clothed in a little black velvet frock. She was a member of the Oakes family of Derbyshire, and died about 1851. She was the sister of Eben Oakes, hereinafter mentioned.

My grandfather, Carter Draper, was a solicitor in London, I believe first in Sherrard Street near Regent Street, in Austin Friars in the City of London and in Walcot Place, Lambeth and was admitted, I think, about the time of his marriage. I have one of his last certificates, it is for 1826. The practice was partly amongst the aristocracy, as he had business from the Earl of Warwick, the Earl of Yarborough, also John Hume then claiming his Earlship of Marchmont. But Carter Draper's principal client was Lord Lake, formerly General Gerald Lake, who defeated the French invasion of Ireland after they had landed at Bantry Bay, I think in 1796, which was carried out under the orders of Napoleon Bonaparte. Lord Lake was Lieutenant General and Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Forces, and the East

India Company's Forces, in India in the year 1800. My grandfather also acted for Lord Lake for the recovery of £6000 on a Bond from Frederick Augustus, then Duke of York (the son of George III) also for a Bond dated 4th October 1794 for £2525 from George Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV) .
As these two Bonds are now in my possession I presume they were not paid.

Through the interest of Lord Lake my grandfather was offered the Governor ship or Solicitor Generalship of the Island of Tobago in the West Indies about the year 1820. It was along voyage in those days, being by sailing ship and when he arrived there he found that some local person had been appointed on the spot, so there was nothing left for him to do but return home, which he did, and found on his arrival that Lord Lake's party were out of power. My Grandfather's other clients had become scattered and many of them had not paid the costs owing to him at the time of his leaving England, for the collection of which he had left a power or attorney with his wife. I see by a copy letter book of my grandfather's 1822 to 1824, letters to those clients appealing to then to pay as he had eleven children to support, and in some cases threatening proceedings, which he apparently did not carry out.

My poor grandfather appears to have been in great trouble about this time, as on his return from Tobago he found his house in Walcot Place had been burnt down, with all his furniture. Later on, when old enough, my father, Hastings Dare Draper, was articled to him, and helped him in his business, and after my father had started for himself he paid my grandfather's debts and helped my grandmother and her children, sacrificing two-thirds of a small income for this purpose, although my father had a wife and two children then, this must have been about the year 1828, when my father was only 22.

(i) <u>Elizabeth Daking Oakes Draper</u>

The eldest child of my grandfather Carter Draper's marriage was Elizabeth Daking Oakes Draper, who was born in 1800, She was married to John Chadband, Esq., of the Island of Tobago (near Jamaica) on the 24th October 1826 at Lambeth Church,

Surrey. During this wedding service, and while all my grandfather's establishment were at the ceremony, his house in Walcott Place was broken into by housebreakers and all his plate and valuables were stolen; I believe the wedding-presents also.

The said John Chadband by his will of the 7th February 1831, after certain bequests to his two brothers, gave and devised the following slaves, namely Robert, George, Bella, Jenny and Nancy and the future issue of the females, to his daughter Elizabeth Chadband during the term of her natural life and subject to her disposition by will, and left the residue of his estate and effects to his beloved wife the said Elizabeth Daking Oakes Chadband. The said John Chadband died in the month of March following (1831) in Tobago. His widow, the said Elizabeth D. O. Chadband, married Colonel Alexander Gairdner. By Colonel Gairdner she had three children, Carter Alexander, Frederick, and Amelia, or "Melian" as she was called. Colonel Gairdner went back to Tobago, where he lived with his wife and children but he recklessly wasted the estate and the money allowing the plantation to go to ruin. Such was my grandfather's indignation when he heard of it that he requested my father to go over to Tobago and challenge Colonel Gairdner to a duel, an honour which my father, then with a wife and children, declined. Colonel Gairdner died soon after, and after the sale of the remainder of the estate and slaves, very little money was realised, with which I believe Mrs. Gairdner returned to England with her two children and died there.

(ii) Sophia Draper

Sophia Draper (known by us as "Aunt Sophy") was born on the 19th June 1801 at No. 3 Earl Street. She was christened at the same time as her sister Rebecca Daking; her godfather was Mr. E. S. Oakes and her godmothers were Mrs. Jardis and Mrs. Carter Draper. When I knew her she was short, stout, florid and of a jovial disposition; she was good musician, linguist, and artist. I believe she was beloved by all who knew her, though somewhat quick-tempered and bigoted in her religion, which was Roman Catholic when I knew her, and of which she was a very devout and sincere member, rather over-fond of trying to convert others to the same faith and which sometimes was the cause of somewhat heated disputes at my

father's dinner table, he being a staunch Protestant.
In her youth, owing to my grandfather's lack of finances, she wished to become a governess, so had a card to that effect in a stationer's shop, where it attracted the Royal attention and she was engaged for the education of Princess Mary of Cambridge (our present Queen's mother).
Here she became a great favourite and continued for some years. She had an offer from Queen Victoria to educate her then young children, but this my aunt declined, as she told her family she did not want to be in a gilded cage. When the Princess Mary was too old for tuition she (Aunt Sophy) accepted the position of companion to the wife of Mr. John David Barry, Managing Director of the Paris and Orleans Railway. Mrs Barry conceived such an affection for her that when she was dying she requested my aunt and her husband to marry as soon after her decease as decency permitted; which they did, at the British Embassy, Paris on 22d April 1850 and were very happy together, living in Paris at a mansion, No. 8 Champs Elysées, where they kept open house. They afterwards lived for some years in Rome.
Once while visiting the Doria Pamphili Palace at Naples with a party, she was examining a stand of ancient Roman arrows, and remarked to a gentleman of the party, "What a nice parasol handle one of those arrows would make!" and passed on, thinking no more of them. When they had left the Palace and were some distance off, the gentleman pulled one of the arrows from his sleeve and gave it to my aunt, remarking, "Here is your parasol-stick, Mrs. Barry." My aunt of course was horrified, but took it and many years after gave it to me as an addition to my curios. I had it for a long time, but unfortunately it was left behind when we moved from Ealing. The arrow was rather short in the shaft, which was of dark hardwood with a short, heavy triangular steel point.

My aunt once took a friar, bare-footed or with sandals, frock, cowl, and beads, to St. James's Palace to introduce him there; but he was not admitted, whether on account of his dress or religion I cannot say, and my aunt was reprimanded for the attempted introduction.

When Mr. Barry returned to England he took a large corner house in Thurlow

Square, Kensington, the one on the right hand side going from South Kensington Underground railway station, I think No. 4. He furnished it with heavy, handsome furniture which excited my admiration at an early age.
Here, the Princess Mary, then of Teck, used to visit and have lunch with her. My sister Sophy (my aunt's goddaughter) and I used to be invited the day after to lunch and help consume the remains of the Royal feast.
I have a wholesome remembrance of the Madeira even now. I was very young for wine in those days, and remember one evening after sampling Mr. Barry's burgundy in a silver goblet - the wine came from his own vineyard in France - that I lay down on the sofa and sang to Mr. Barry's great amusement,

"Wrap me up in a Cashmere shawl
And give me a cup of coffee,"

a song which I had heard Albert Smith sing at one of his entertainments at the "Egyptian Hall", Piccadilly, I think it was "Mont Blanc". Soon after my song I fell fast asleep on the sofa, and remember no more.
Mr. Barry came originally from Cork and had a Corkaglan brogue and a bon vivant's face and figure. He was one of the most jovial, polished Irish gentlemen I ever met. The first time I saw him was at my father's house in Vincent Square, Westminster. I was then about six only, and the night before had been to Astley's Circus in Lambeth; there was then there a celebrated circus clown named Mr. Barry, therefore made an unfortunate mistake when Mr. Barry came, and I exclaimed to him with joy:

"Oh, Mr. Barry, I saw you last night!"

"Indeed, me boy, and where was that?" said he

"Why at Astley's Circus, and you were the Clown" I replied.

A loud laugh from Mr. Barry saved the situation, and me. I remember once my brother made Mr. Barry a present of a heavy iron-wood walking-stick which

Godfrey Turner, the "Standard" correspondent, had brought my brother from Jamaica. It was like polished mahogany, and as heavy. Mr. Barry, after admiring it, said, "Ah, Ned me boy, ye might hit a man a long time with this before he'd laugh!"

When my Aunt Sophy indulged in religious controversy (which she was rather fond of) Mr. Barry would exclaim, "Ah me dear, let everyone go to Heaven his Own way, 'Chacun à son goute,my honey'". He was a martyr to goute.

One great peculiarity of Mr. Barry's features was his nose; it was a proboscis, seemed positively to waggle, and appeared to have been decorated by many a glass of Burgundy.

After they left Thurlow Square, Mr. Barry and my aunt took a house in Kensington Crescent, close by, and after that they moved to Brompton Square, where Mr. Barry died; he was buried in the Roman Catholic Churchyard of St. Thomas of Canterbury at Fulham. I attended his funeral with my brother and ny brother-in-law Robert Montague.
The ceremony being Roman Catholic, we, as Protestants, were not impressed with the tinkling of bells, etc. although I noticed that "Bob" Montague, looking in his long beard as reverential as a monk, was given a long lighted candle to hold in each hand - as were each of us. I thought to myself, "The service seems to have touched old Bob, " when he leaned towards me and whispered, "What ---- nonsense this is!" It cost me a great effort to prevent myself from laughing: as my Australian friends used to say, "It nearly broke me up."

During Mr. Barry's lifetime and their residence in Paris, my aunt was one morning awakened by hearing shots and shouting of a crowd. She dressed hurriedly and went into the street, where she was surprised at seeing a barricade erected at one end of it, and at the opposite end, troops with a cannon trained ready to fire. At the point nearest to her an officer called out that she must at once return to her house,

and stay there, as a revolution had broken out and no peaceable citizens were allowed out of doors, under peril of being shot by one party or the other. She therefore had to return and remain indoors while fearful cries, shouts and screams accompanied by cannon and rifle shots, rang through the air. This was the terrible "Coup d'Etat" of Louis Napoleon III, in which his troops were victorious.

After Mr. Barry's death my aunt Sophy went to live at Upper Rock Gardens, Brighton, sharing her home with her unmarried sister Harriet Draper. Here my wife and I used to occasionally visit her, and much enjoyed her society, kindness and hospitality.

In consequence of a fall on the stairs, at Upper Rock Gardens, Aunt Sophy had an internal injury which soon after caused her death in 1878. My brother Edward and I attended her funeral at the same place where her husband was buried. During her lifetime Aunt Sophy gave me some very fine lithographs of the Royal Family, including the old Duke of Kent (Queen Victoria's father), the Princess Mary of Cambridge at the age of seventeen, also the Princess Augustus who married the old Emperor, Frederick William of Prussia (of "Franco-Prussian" War memory in 1870). These lithographs were by Winterhalter and were given to my Aunt Sophy by the Princess Mary of Cambridge herself. On the back of each picture my aunt had written, "Please Hastings, do not sell or hypothecate this." I have not, but passed them on to my son Hastings Dare Draper, with the rest of the family pictures.

CHAPTER VI.

I must now return to the rest of my grandfather's children; -

(iii) Caroline Elizabeth Draper

Caroline Elizabeth Draper was born on the 29th May 1802 and died on the 20th October following at Lambeth Terrace. She was buried at Lambeth Burial Ground.

(iv) Augusta Draper

Augusta Draper was born 2nd August 1803 at No. 7 Thavies Inn; she was christened with her two sisters Rebecca Daking and Sophia. Her Godfather was Mr. John Cooper Beckett, her Godmothers were Mrs. Showers and Mrs. Carter Draper. She was married on the 30th August 1827 at Brighton to Mr. George Westlake, a solicitor.

Aunt Augusta was in appearance, as in every other respect, the direct opposite to Aunt Sophy, except that she was a Roman Catholic. She might fairly have represented "Tragedy" as Aunt Sophy might have "Comedy".
When I first saw Aunt Augusta, on her return from Rome with her son Henry Westlake (about the time of the Garibaldi rising in Italy) she was pale and thin, had very regular features but a mournful, pathetic expression. She always wore black, and a long lace mantilla which descended from the top of her head to below her waist. She reminded me of the heroiness of some early Victorian romances such as "The Castle of Otranto", or "The Mysteries of Udolpho".

She always wore black silk or cotton gloves twisted at the tips of the fingers as if too long, these she did not remove at meal times, during which she would often utter a strange whinnying noise, like a horse, which was rather startling before she explained that it was caused by rheumatic pains, but whereabouts she did not say.

Mr. Westlake must have died some years previous to my seeing Aunt Augusta. There was some tragedy connected with him, the nature of which I am not sufficiently acquainted with to relate. There is a large portrait of Aunt Augusta. It

is now in the possession of my son Hastings Dare.
It is in crayon, by a Welsh artist, and represents her as a beautiful young woman still in her teens. She was then very fair. When I knew her, her hair was black and abundant.
When Aunt Augusta returned from Rome she brought with her her son, Henry Westlake; he was a slender, medium-height young man of a sallow complexion; and spoke a mixed language of English and Italian partly through a long thin nose, surmounted, when out of doors, by a too-large soft felt hat, broad-brimmed and lined with flannel which showed below the brim. While I am on the subject of Henry Westlake, I will finish what I know of it.

After a short stay in England he returned to Rome with his mother. One day there was a disturbance in the streets - Garibaldian. Aunt Augusta told me that a troop of cuirassiers, their sabres flashing in the sun were charging the affrighted and shrieking mob, who were fleeing down the street in panic and seeking refuge in doorways or any available shelter. Poor Henry Westlake, who was amongst the crowd, was also seized with a panic at the oncoming cavalry charge; his terrified gaze, seeking for some place of safety, found that he was close to the gates of a convent; what he did not see was that these gates were surmounted with sharp spikes. He therefore made a wild spring upwards to grasp the top and climb over, but in doing so, his wrist was impaled by one of the spikes, and he was suspended by it like an early martyr.

How he was afterwards extricated from this painful and compromising position I was not told but about a month after this unconventional accident he was "none the worse" - neither was any nun. The last I heard of poor Henry Westlake was that during service in one of the Papal churches in Rome, he had the idea that he was the priest and went up to the altar to officiate during a very sacred ceremony, but was taken away by the officials. Aunt Augusta, on her final return to England, told me that she never saw or heard of him afterwards, but that he died in 1863, and which she quoted as another tragedy of her life, Possibly he may have been taken to an asylum and died there. He should have been named Henry Worstluck.

After this event Aunt Augusta came to live in England at my father's country house, Hopefield Lodge, Hanwell. As there was a Roman Catholic Church just outside the gates, there she soon became friendly with the priest and people. But my father, a staunch Protestant, would not allow the priest or his other followers within the gates of Hopefield Lodge.

Aunt Augusta had been an excellent water-colour artist in Rome, and I have three of her pictures, one of "Madonna and Infant Christ", which she copied from one of Raphael's in Rome, the second is a large water-colour beautifully copied from a picture which I believe is in the Barberini Palace representing a lovely red-haired female half figure, draped, and resting her arm on what looks like a tambour frame. This picture I have reason to believe is entitled "A Fair Barbarian," and the original is in the Barberini Palace in Rome and so named, although Aunt Augusta said it was the Virgin Mary. This also is in the possession of my son Hastings Dare. The third picture is "Beatrice Cenci."
Poor Aunt Augusta! In spite of her woes she caused many smiles. She was highly cultured and of a most affectionate disposition, but eccentric, and this eccentricity developed with age.
Shortly before her death she was invited by the mother of her priest to stay a few weeks at her house in the country.
During this visit she was introduced to the priest's brother, a solicitor, who then drew up her will, by which she left £200 (which was then almost all she possessed) to the priest; she died soon after. I was the sole executor and on paying over the £200 legacy to him, less the legacy duty of £20 (It being 10 per cent for a stranger in blood) he complained bitterly that the Government were robbers to exact such an amount from his legacy. As an American would say "I laffed."

(v) Hastings Dare Draper

Hastings Dare Draper (my father) was born at 69 Chancery Lane on the 25th March 1806, and was christened at the same place on the 23rd December following. His Godparents were Captain Hastings Dare (afterwards Colonel Dare, whose godfather was *the* Warren Hastings), my great uncle George Draper, and Mrs. Showers. After being educated at a boarding school or college in Boulogne,

my father was articled to his father, Carter Draper, and finished his articles with Mr. David Shuter, solicitor of Millbank, Westminster, and duly became a solicitor. I have heard my father say that Mr. Shuter's (not the clerk's) office ceiling was pitted with the marks of champagne corks.
At the age of nineteen my father married Miss Matilda Royer on the 11th of April 1823, which month was rather striking as he had Mrs. Showers for a godmother, but I am glad to say that the sunshine predominated over the storms he had to encounter in his early life; thanks to an indomitable energy and cheerful disposition which was also shared by his devoted wife.
My mother has told me that in the early days of their married life he sometimes faint from fatigue when he came home after a heavy day's work in the office.

My mother was one of the two daughters of Royer, a royalist emigré from Versailles during the French Revolution in 1789, where he had assisted the escape of two of the Swiss Guard during the massacre of their comrades there. These escaped by climbing over the iron railings of Versaille into my French grandfather's premises which were adjoining and ultimately got away through my grandfather disguising them in his servants' clothes. He shortly after received private intimation that his staying near Paris after this would mean death to him, so he emigrated to England. Here he married an Englishwoman whose maiden name I believe was Annie Roberts. On the death of both her parents my mother and her sister Eleanor Royer were brought up in Essex by a French uncle named Le Gros, who was also an émigré.

I was told by my mother that upon the day of her marriage with my father, who was then residing at my grand-father's in Walcot Place, my father climbed out of his bedroom window there, as he had been locked in his room by my grand-father, to prevent his marriage at such an early age. My mother was three years older.

The first recollection I have of my father was when we were living in a small villa in Isleworth near the old "Chequers" Inn, in the same road, but a few houses nearer to the road to Brentford. Our next-door neighbour was a Mr. Limpus, who was one of the old coach drivers in the last of the coaching days. He was 82, and at that age

he married a young woman, who presented him with a son and heir, Olympus, in appearance he was much like Mr. Weller, Snr. My father had his house (then No. 45) in Vincent Square, part of which he used for offices, and used to go up to them every day (except we were staying there). He had an old Clerk in the office called "Daddy Wilde", a very old man who wore the old costume or a blue coat with brass buttons and knee breeches. He had been taken prisoner by one of the Horse guards during the Gordon Riots of 1780 but as the trooper to whom he was consigned knew him, he allowed Daddy Wilde to make his escape during another charge on the mob. Beside Daddy Wilde my father had one or two other clerks, my brother being articled to my father was another.

My father had purchased a large freehold cottage at Hanwell, Middlesex, where he lived for some little time; he then purchased about three acres of freehold land at the side of it, near the main Uxbridge Road. This was in the year 1854 (the year our Crimean War was on). He built a substantial house upon it, as hereinafter mentioned. In this year (1854), I recollect that a balloon descended in the meadow land opposite the house. My father entertained the occupants with a meal. About this time my father used to drive to his Vincent Square house and back, as he had a coach-house and stable there also, and there he kept an aged groom known as "Old George" who had been one of the last of the "Post Boys". I still recollect his much-wrinkled face and baggy cord knee breeches. My father's conveyance was a chaise drawn by a large brown pony called "Bessy", a great favourite of my mother's.

When I was still a child my father returned from a drive with my mother in the country bringing with him a large black and white Newfoundland dog which he had found wandering about in a wood in Kent. It became a great favourite with all of us; we had him for two years, when one morning I saw a four-wheel cab draw up.

It had a large oil painting on the roof and it was of our pet Newfoundland. Two gentlemen brought the picture in and proved to my father that one of them was the owner of it and had at last traced its whereabouts. He told us how he lost it: he was walking through the wood with his dog, when he was set upon by two footpads who robbed him and tied him to a tree (like Dr. Syntax:

"And when they had of cash bereft him
They tied him to a tree and left him.")

The dog had strolled away to where my father found him. The owner offered to compensate my father for the two years' keep of the dog, which of course he refused to accept. The parting, on my part I know, was tearful.

I have before mentioned that my father was educated at Boulogne. I believe that it was in the large college in the old town or high part of Boulogne near the main gate in the wall. While my father was there, an incident occurred which showed the feeling which existed between the French and English.

My father went down to bathe with a party of the French boys and another English one; this boy got out of his depth and was being carried out. Some of the French boys there were excellent swimmers, my father could not swim a stroke and therefore had to look on, a horrified spectator of the poor boys being drowned, for not one of the French boys would go to his assistance.
At the time of the conclusion of the Crimean War (1854) my father purchased about three acres of land at Hanwell, Middlesex, about seventy yards from the main Uxbridge Road.
Here he built a moderately-sized house with conservatory and dairy and laid out very pretty lawns and fruit and vegetable gardens, where he grew quantities of peaches (often sent by the hamper to friends and clients), nectarines and other kinds of fruit and vegetables, with a paddock at the end, where he kept a cow and often a calf and the horse was turned out to grass. He also kept pigs, poultry, a peacock and peahen. He had a stable and coach-house, with rooms over for the resident gardener, his wife and family (when he had one.) The gardener also attended to the horse and cow, He also soon afterwards purchased two large fields adjoining, and let the next house and garden, then known as "Dean's Cottage". His property in Hanwell was altogether about eleven or twelve acres.
The garden was a constant source of amusement to him, as he was a good carpenter and built summer-houses himself, although he did no gardening. He used to invite favoured clients from London and entertain them from the well-stocked

cellar and fruit garden. To me this garden and fields were an Eldorado where I would entertain my nephews and nieces of the house of Montague, who was mostly about my own age, also my school-fellows, but this was later on. I must confine myself to my father and mother at present.

My father purchased a large grey mare (when Bessy the pony superannuated) which used to trot the ten miles between Hanwell and the Vincent Square office exactly in the hour. One evening my father and mother were driving home from Southall, where they had gone to purchase some garden implements. They were returning in the dark, and just as they were passing under the railway bridge over the road to Hanwell two men sprang forward. One seized the horse's bridle and stopped it, the other came to the side where my mother was sitting. She was a "stocky" little woman, not deficient in pluck. She seized a garden fork, and holding it at the "charge bayonets," she threatened the man to run him through if he came nearer. At the same moment my father lashed the man who was holding the horse across the face with his whip. The man immediately let go his hold, when my father applied the whip to the horse which did not stop until my father drew up at Hanwell Police Station. But the men had meanwhile affected their escape.
Another time, when my father was driving in the dark alone, he came across two men who were struggling on the bank of a pond by the side of the road. One of them was a police constable and the other man whom he had evidently intended to but make his prisoner had turned the tables and come out top dog. He had wrestled the baton from the constable and was holding him down and battering his head with it. My father stepped his horse, jumped out of the "gig", and attacked the man who, taken by surprise, was with the help of the constable, soon handcuffed and driven off to the police station in state.

I should here say that my father was a very short, "hefty" little man; he was forty inches round the chest and nineteen round the calf. He was very good-tempered and I recollect amiable, but once roused, he went "Berserk".
After my father's death I was going out of (then) my office in Vincent Square, a big constable was passing, and on seeing me he stopped and said, "I was very sorry to hear of your father's death, sir. One day when I was passing I saw that front door

open; your father had got a man by the collar of his coat and the seat of his breeches, and pitched him clean over those railings at the side into the bed of lilacs underneath. He must have been a strong man to have done that!".

My father was a hard-working lawyer. I have known him to get up early on a cold winter's morning when we were staying in London, how early I know not, but he would go down to his office (in the same building), light the fire, and then fetch down my sister Sophy and me, sit us on the hearthrug by the fire, bring out certain sticks of twisted sugar candy from the cupboard by the fireplace, with some toys and then set to work at an abstract of title, conveyance or brief (his practice was now principally conveyancing), and would keep on until breakfast time, beginning work again at nine o'clock, with a quarter of an hour's rest at eleven o'clock for a glass of ale and a crust of bread and butter or cheese; my brother generally used to drop in and join him and talk business or news. At two o'clock we would have dinner, followed by couple of glasses of excellent port or sherry after dinner (in which I joined when I was sixteen). From eleven to two o'clock he would generally do his out-of-door business and take me with him, for I was with him from the age of sixteen until his death, I am glad to say, and I was then five-and-twenty, with a wife, two little sons and a daughter aged a few months. But to continue my father's business day: three o'clock till five he spent in the office; at five tea; leaving the office at six o'clock punctually, either for the house at Hanwell or to the Theatre, which my father always took us to once a week through the winter, when he generally left the Hanwell house to the care of the housekeeper there, the gardener and his wife; my father generally coming down with all of us (my mother, sister Sophy and self) for weekends from one o'clock on Saturday to Monday morning. Almost the first thing he did on arriving at Hanwell was to sit down to the piano and play (in octaves) from memory, cheerful airs or marches from the Italian operas, for he had an excellent ear and memory for music; he also would sing comic songs of the day such as "The Rat-catcher's Daughter." -

There lived long since in Westminster
A pretty little Rat-catcher's daughter
Who didn't quite live in Vestminster
But t'other side of the vater.
He caught rats and she solid sprats
All round and about that quarter
And the gentle folks all touched their 'ats
To the pretty little Rat-catcher's daughter' s
daughter.

I could continue, but I will spare the reader's feelings. I should explain, the rest of this harrowing tragic-comic song however, that in those days the cockneyism of the day pronounced he "W's" as "V's"; for example: "Vich is the vay to Vesttminster", while poor letter "H" must have literally littered the pavements, and the letter "V" was transposed to "W".

I quote Mr. Weller Senior to witt: -

"Spell it vith a we' Samivel my boy,"
meaning with a V.

But I am straying away from my father. As I have before stated he had his own sister Augusta, after her return from Rome, living with us at Hanwell; he also had my mother's sister, Eleanor Royer, living with us at Vincent Square; who was looked after by the housekeeper there, while we were away.
We always knew her only as "Auntie!" and we were all exceedingly fond of her; if ever there was a good Christian, she was; she spent most of her spare time in industry and deeds of charity; she spent all the week at the "Pantheon (now "Gilbey's") where she had a bonnet stall which she used to supply entirely with the work of her own hands, which, being half French, she was very skilful at.

On her decease she left us £1000 – the entire result of her industry. She was a most cheerful and agreeable companion and we all loved her accordingly. I may add that

she had been very pretty (aquiline nose and dark brown ringlets) in her youth, and still retained traces of it. She died, before my mother, in 1873.

CHAPTER VII.
HASTINGS DARE DRAPER. (Continued).

My father deserves a chapter to himself, but i am afraid both my memory and pen are not capable of doing justice to the struggles and subsequent happiness of so good a man.

I have already given the date and place of his birth, marriage and some particulars of his early life.

At Vincent Square when I was a child my father kept, as groom and " boots", an old post-boy, known as "Old George", who must have been well over his eightieth year, I can still remember his poor baggy riding cords.
He was one of the last of the "Post Boys." My grandfather being now deceased and his family earning their own living, my father's burdens were greatly lightened, and his tide of prosperity and happiness set in. He and my mother being thoroughly devoted to each other lived together in perfect peace and happiness, thoroughly enjoying the large and pretty garden of Hopefield Lodge, Draper's Lane, Hanwell, which had lawns with flower beds at the front and sides. At the back of the house was the large fruit and vegetable garden with a high wall eighty yards running down the centre of it, this garden being about eighty yards in the length also in breadth.

On the south side of this wall, were trained peaches, nectarines, and apricots, on the north side morello cherries and some other fruits, and on this side was an avenue of bigaroon cherry trees on each side of the gravel walk in the centre of it, also pippins and plums.
There was a paddock at the end of the vegetable garden, where the horse spent his spare time in company with the Alderney Cow, from whose produce my mother made excellent butter, and there was always plenty of spare cream in the dairy.

The peacock and peahen strutted about the garden, the former displaying its Argus-eyed tail feathers and giving notice of coming rain in a loud voice which seemed to

cry Humph tuy hoy!" and could be heard for a long distance. Fowls and pigs had their separate enclosures and formed a miniature farm-yard. My father's place was therefore looked upon as a pleasant weekend resort by such of his relations, friends and clients as were invited there, and few lacked invitations.
Never did man more deserve this happy retreat than my father after the fearful struggles against poverty which he encountered, during his early married life, in supporting himself and others of his family, I may add that he kept an excellent cellar, and with which he was always most hospitable.
My father, notwithstanding his prosperity, continued to work hard. Sometimes he would begin about 6 o'clock in the morning when we stayed in Town.

My father had a great liking tor firearms, although I believe he never shot a bird or animal the whole time I knew him - he looked upon it as cruel. He had, however, a brace of pistols and a single-barrelled gun, and later a full-sized "Colt" revolver and a rifle, the use of which he taught me at an early age fourteen or thereabouts - when we used to practise both at a rifle butt he had made in one of his fields at Hanwell. He gave me a rook and rabbit rifle on my fifteenth birthday, and I still have.

My father, although one of the most amiable of men, was of a hasty temper, but which was over in a few minutes, and he never bore animosity. I recollect an instance of this. Our then housekeeper and cook - a Welshwoman named Mary Davis - having served the dinner, put the ale-jug down at my father's end of the table, he looked at it and saw that it was empty. Mary had left the dining-room door open; my father waited until she had safely disappeared round the corner of the stairs, and then flung the empty jug after her with such force that it smashed to atoms against the kitchen staircase wall. Two or three minutes afterwards he rang the bell for her, and on her coming gave her a sovereign, for which she thanked him heartily, and afterwards said she didn't mind how often the Master shied crockery at her "at that rate."
She was from Wrexham in North Wales - I fancy I see her now; very angular, high

prominent cheek-bones, large dark eyes, big sharp retroussé nose and prominent chin and a mouth which smiled from ear to ear, like Dumas' "L' homme qui rit."

Before dismissing the subject of Mary Davis I must tell the following. One night while we were in the Vincent Square House there was a large fire at Broadwood's, the piano manufactory, which was within eighty yards of the back of our house, and the manufactory then consisted of wooden buildings of one or two stories. On account of the materials the fire was terrific and the flames shot up to a great height. I was in my bedroom at the back, which was reddened with the flames and sparks. I felt frightened and opened my bedroom door to go downstairs, when Mary Davis came clattering down the narrow stairs from the attic above with a large bundle in her arms - it was her spacious steel hooped crinoline! She was afraid that the fire might extend to our house and she might lose her most cherished possession.

My father had for many years granted a small pension to his sisters Harriett Draper and Helen Keats, and left them the same annuities by his will. My aunt Sophy and Uncle Carter Eben Draper, I believe, allowed them each a similar annuity.

And now I come to a painful part of these memoirs, which however I will not omit. About a year before his death my father had occasional fits of faintness, and on consulting his family doctor he said that my father had an affection of the heart and that he must be very careful.
He bore the news as cheerfully as was possible under the circumstance but did not strictly follow the doctor's orders and walked as quickly as he did before.
I would rather not write of my father's death, which is even now a painful subject, except to say that the night before he died, he went with my mother to see the comic opera of "Baloil and Bijou" at the Alhambra and much enjoyed it. He was taken ill the next evening while walking home from Hanwell Station with my mother, who took him into the chemist's at Hanwell, where he became unconscious, was brought home in a "fly", and died while I was fetching the nearest doctor, my mother and wife being present at his death.
My mother survived him for twelve years, living at the house in Vincent Square,

and dying there in 1884, a few years after her sister, Eleanor Royer, who also died there.
My father and mother were buried in the same grave in St. George's Cemetery, Hanwell, opposite and adjoining Hopefield Lodge. The house, on my mother's death, passed into the hands of my sister Helen Montague, upon division of my father's property by agreement, and is at present owned by one of her descendants; but I regret to say the large garden at the back was subsequently cut off by a wall and sold for building.
A short time after my father's death I called upon Mr. Frederick Waller, Q. C., on business, who was a friend of his.

In sympathising with me, he said, "Well, Mr. Draper, you have one consolation. Your father was a true Christian in every sense of the word." He was right, and he was respected and loved by all who knew him intimately; his death was a severe loss to all those who were intimate with him. He would take my two little sons, one on each knee and play with and entertain them in a manner I heartily wish I could have acquired. He was only 66 when he died; I am now within a few months of being 18 years older.
It seems strange to think a man can be older than his father – mine was always young.

CHAPTER VIII.
CARTER DRAPER'S CHILDREN (Continued)

(vi) Melian Elizabeth Draper

My Grandfather' s (Carter Draper's) sixth child was Melian Eliza Draper, who was born on the 3rd August 1807, christened 7th January 1811 at Thavies Inn (Mr. Micawber' s ?), Holborn, and died in 1843 at Hounslow, Middlesex, a spinster while living with her father and mother there, on account of the former's health. She was buried there. The following are copies of two letters in my possession, the first of which is to his daughter Augusta Westlake and mentions Melian's illness, and the second, to his daughter Sophy, speaks of her death:

Bellevue,
Hounslow 20 June 1843.

Dearest Gussey
When I was turning to the right and left, watching to discover the approach of death, he comes suddenly upon me from behind, and attacks me in the person of my first born Daking (Mrs. Gairdner) who died on the 15th May in consequence of illness brought on by her late miscarriage.

Gairdner (Colonel) appears to be all affliction on this melancholy occasion, and you may be sure that here we are all overwhelmed with grief - this is one of the horrors of living in old age, to see one's Children snatched off before ourselves.
But this is a subject I cannot at present dwell upon. Our poor Melian is like poor Westlake, still suffering dreadfully.
Your Mama and Hetty (Aunt Harriet) unite with me in love to you and Westlake as well as to the dear boy (Henry George Westlake), who would at this dreadful time be some relief to us by his society.
Ask that dreadful woman (?) how would she like these several trials all at once - but she will receive her due share of punishment some day.
Ever your's, dearest,
Most affectionately
C. Draper.

47.

The following letter from my grandfather to my Aunt Sophy will be of interest in showing what he had to endure. It was written a few months after the last.

Bellevue
Hounslow
7th Novr. 1843.

Dearest, very dearest Soph

[After some business matter of Mrs. Tatham, of no interest] -
I have certainly not been afflicted [speaking assonetically?] as Job was, but certainly in such a manner as we don't see everyday. Will not therefore a just God reward me for this hereafter - He has already rewarded me by the frame of mind which I have for some time past attained, from what it was when I first recovered my reason after my attack of Paralysis, I then for 24 hours, thought of nothing but Suicide to get rid of the agonising pangs I endured from the heaviness of my afflictions. I have unceasingly prayed for forgiveness, and from my present peace of mind I think that the Supreme Being has listened to my prayers. I can now revert back without misery to the several afflictions with which he has thought proper to visit me - you had no sooner turned your back than I was afflicted with an illness which lasted for a fortnight - when I recovered from this I was shortly after seized with another which continued for 3 months and reduced me almost to death.
Then came on that tormenting complaint in my eyes which has since left me. I was just beginning, when I came to Hounslow, to fancy that at last I should have some tolerable degree of happiness when came the account of the death of my poor Daking [Mrs. Elizabeth Daking Gairdner] in two or three days afterwards and apparently in the best state of health, I was attacked by Paralysis which deprived me of my reason, for more I believe than a week - what did I then hear but my poor innocent Mill [Melian] was not only dead but buried.
All this was a little à la Job. But Job said "The Lord had given and the Lord had taken away blessed be the name of the Lord". Ought I not then to have the same reliance on the Almighty - he expected that God would heap upon him other afflictions, which he did. I expect the same and do most assuredly dread the loss of the mother of my Children, which God in his mercy avert. If I have such a bereavement I must pray the Almighty strength to bear with it.
As I told you before I have no wish to live after I have seen you and dear Gussey once more. Like Ulysses dog, I should then wish to lie down and die - Dust to dust and ashes to ashes - By the bye a negro was asked what he was made of, the reply was "Mud

> Massa.". "No, no Pompey, you should say Dust" "That's not so Massa, Dust won't stick, Mud will."
> We hope before long to leave this place for several reasons - first that Helen (his youngest daughter, afterwards Mrs. Keats) may live with us in London, and that indeed we may all live together. Then I cannot endure to pass Hounslow Churchyard, where sleepeth in peace my poor Mill [Melian] who wished so much and in vain to see me before she closed her own eyes for ever. If she is not in Heaven, who else can be?
> Take care of your own health dearest if only for my sake. Your Mamma desires her best Love - she has been in town for the week and will not return for another week she is gone to stay with darling Helen for the benefit of Beard's [the doctor's] advice.
> I told you about slander in my last. It was reported of her that we had cast her off because she had been converted to Catholicism! (Roman). God bless the dear Child!
> Who was the author I don't know - your cousin George told your Mamma that I must be a very easy man to put up with the change.
> [The rest of the letter is irrelevant.]
> Most affectionately
> C. Draper."

The letter is addressed "Miss Draper, Roma."

This appears to me very much like the address "John Smith. London." But I presume she was the only Draper then in Rome. The above letter is of interest as it shows the mind of the writer and his pity and resignation, also about my aunt's "conversion" to the Roman Catholic religion. It evidently spread from one daughter to the others.

My grandfather died in 1844 and was buried in Brompton Cemetery, leaving his widow, who died at Mr. Keats's house in Sloane Street in 1850. I must now return to my grandfather's children after this digression.

(vii) Frederick Augustus Draper

The seventh child was Frederick Augustus Draper, who was born on the 22nd November 1809 at No. 27 Thavies Inn and christened on the 17th January 1811, with his sister Melian (a great saving of christening cake, etc.). His godparents were Mr. Eben Samuel Oakes (his uncle on his mother's side), his father and

mother (the latter might have taken refuge under the oaks from the inevitable Mrs. Showers, so often employed as godmother).

The following particulars respecting Frederick Augustus were told me by my mother, with whom he was a great favourite on account of his amiability.

He was a Quaker, and my grandfather one day took him with him on one of his visits to Lord Lake. Amongst the Quakers it was not the custom to remove their hats on entering a house or church, my grandfather was shown up to Lord Lake's sitting-room and Frederick followed him; when my grandfather turned round to introduce him to Lord Lake and found, to his horror, that Fred still had his hat on. My grandfather, in his indignation, pulled off the offending hat and kicked it out of the room. I am sorry I cannot give the later details, they must have been interesting.

The next information I have of Frederick Augustus is that he went to Tobago as overseer to the Concordia estate which I believe was then his sister Mrs. Gairdner's, and when there he wrote a long letter in 1838 to his sister Sophy, then in Rome, of which the following is a summary -

Announcing that his sister (Rebecca Daking Gairdner) had a healthy baby (he was, I presume then living with them on the plantation) - Writing at length, his belief in unseen spirits (which he designated "Genii") both good and bad, and that they often prompt our ideas: - his firm reliance on the Almighty in time of trouble: That the slaves there would probably be emancipated next August; he hoped so, as he did not believe in slavery. That he had ceased to be a Quaker, and attended the Church of England services there.

I am sorry to say I have mislaid the letter, but if it fortunately, it turns up in time I will add it to these memoirs. I had made the above extracts from it, not then intending to insert the full letter on account of its length. By "Genii" I presume Uncle Fred meant angels, both good and bad. Frederick Augustus died in Tobago and was buried at the Constantia Estate. I do not know the date.

(viii) Carter Eben Draper

Carter Eben Draper was born 25th November 1810 at No, 27 Thavies Inn, and christened 17th January 1811, with his before mentioned brother and sister. (I am afraid that this practice of christening in batches and thus deferring the ceremony for two or three years would be thought highly reprehensible by a modern clergyman.) At this christening the same godparents stood for Uncle Carter as for Uncle Fred.

Uncle Carter lived at Hereford, where he had a business of Chemist and Druggist when I first heard of him. He married Miss Eleanor Gorton, I believe of Reading, Berkshire. She was a great friend of Miss Mary Russell Mitford, the authoress of "Our Village", and she is mentioned in that book by Miss Mitford as "My dear friend E. G" (Eleanor Gorton) (about 1840).

After leaving Hereford Uncle Carter went to live in Dublin in 1851, and there became a partner in the firm of Bewley and Evans, wholesale druggists and wine merchants. After the retirement or death of Mr. Evans and the retirement or death of Mr. Bewley my uncle was the sole representative of the firm, then known as "Bewley and Draper."

My Uncle Carter used to come to London about once a year. He was one of the most generous and amiable of men. The first I recollect of him was at my father's country house at Hanwell when I was a child; I recollect on this visit, when he was leaving, he slipped a half-sovereign into my hand to my great delight, as it was the first gold coin. I had ever received. On this occasion he gave my mother a handsome gold watch he had recently bought in Geneva.

In his visits to London, my uncle used to have us to dine with him occasionally when he practically proved his good taste in the selection of the champagne and port. I also have recollections of a happy day or two we spent with him at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, in the early Victorian days. Uncle Carter died in Dublin 15th May 1866, when I was about eighteen.

(ix) Charles Lionel Draper

Charles Lionel Draper was born 21 November 1812 at Thavies Inn, but died on the 18th June following at No. 1 Mawbey Place, South Lambeth, and was buried on the next day in Lambeth Churchyard. A short life and a quick burial is all that can be said of poor Charles Lionel. The services of Mr. Oakes and Mrs. Showers were evidently not sought on this occasion.

(x) Henry Lomas Draper

Henry Lomas Draper was born on the 4th August 1814 at Clapham Rise and was christened at the same place on the 8th February 1815. His godparents were Mr. Henry Lomas, his father Carter Draper and Mrs. Lomas. Shortly before he was fifteen he was sent to Tobago (West Indies) in 1820.
Just before landing there, while at anchor, a sailor fell overboard; Henry, who was on deck, at once detached, and threw, a cork lifebelt to him, and he was brought safely on deck, in spite of the sharks; but the excitement so acted upon Henry that the same day, when he was ashore dining, during the first course he fell forward with his head upon the table and died, presumably from the excitement or morning acting upon a weak heart. This was on the 5th August 1829, the day after his fifteenth birthday. He was buried on the Concordia Estate, Tobago.

(xi) Harriet Dare Draper

Harriet Dare Draper was born on the 30th March 1816, and christened on the 30th March 1820 (her 4th birthday) at No. 2 Walcot Place Lambeth. Her godparents were her father Carter Draper, her mother and Mrs. Arabella Patterson as Proxy for Mrs. Hastings Dare (then Colonel Hastings Dare's wife.)

My earliest recollections of Aunt Harriet were from meeting her at my father's London house and office, 45 Vincent Square, Westminster, and his country house "Hopefield Lodge" Hanwell, Middlesex. She is always connected in my mind with marmalade tart and sherry, I suppose from the coincidence that we nearly always had them when she dined with us, and sherry was her favourite wine. She always reminded me of the cavalier ladies of Charles II's time - not from any laxity on her part, but from the fact of her wearing her hair in ringlets at the side, and which hair

was always luxuriant and of a rich light brown, and continued so naturally to the time of her death (aged 84) and which I believe was due (her hair, not her death) to her always using "Rowland's Macasser 011", recalling the heroine in Byron's "Don Juan": -

"In virtues rare none could surpass her
Save thine inestimable oil Maccasser."

She had the light blue eyes of the Drapers, good but somewhat irregular features and a prominent chin; she was rather short but stoutly built and wore the voluminous crinoline of the mid-Victorian period, In speaking she had a lisp and always advised my mother to give us "tonicth" (tonics.) She was great on dedicine and religion, and being a Roman Catholic when I knew her she was always trying to pervert my sister Sophy and myself from the Protestant religion. She was, I believe, the friend of Lady Julia Churchill and, unless my memory plays me false, taught Lord Randolph Churchill the piano, at which she was very proficient.

Once when I called to see her she was living at Westbourne Park, Bayswater, I found her in a great state of excitement; she told me that my cousin, Carter Gairdner, had just left and had insulted her (I forgot how), that she had seized a bundle of crinoline steel she was doing some repairs to, and threatened to smite him with it unless he left the house immediately, which he did, of course, not daring to confront such a terrible weapon. Carter entertained me with the tale when next I met him of how Aunt Harriet arose in her wrath and scattered him - like Olympian Jove with his handful of lighting,

Aunt Harriet subsequently went to live at Brighton with my aunt Sophy Barry, and I used to meet her there in the house at Upper Rock Gardens. Here she used to eat regularly every two hours, as she said she had a quick digestion (owing to "tonicth" I suppose). After Aunt Sophy's death she went to live with her niece Mary Keats, but had telegraphed to me one day to take her away. I went and found a fierce altercation going on, and was shown the innocent cause of it - an underdone mutton chop; but as the wordy war carried on by Mary gained the victory, I had to

beat a hasty retreat with my aunt in a cab, to other quarters in Brighton, where I left her complacently combing her still luxuriant brown ringlets at her mirror.
This was the last time I saw her alive: shortly after I attended her funeral at Brighton, this was in 1890, so she must have been 84, and not a grey hair visible. I might sum up by saying: -

"Although she died at eighty-four
I'm sure she never dyed before."

(xii) Eben Oakes Draper

Eben Oakes Draper was born on the 16th December 1817 at No. 2 Walcot Place, East Lambeth, and christened on the 30th March 1820 at the same place. His godfathers were Mr. John Taylor, Carter Draper (his father) and his mother was his godmother.

Eben was genial and affectionate, but careless, and therefore prone to getting into difficulties. Having offended his father by a lapse in some business transaction he had entrusted to him, Eben disappeared, and when next heard of, had enlisted in a Welsh Fusilier regiment, during which time he took part in quelling a riot in South Wales, where they had to fire upon the rioters from behind the cover of a stone wall, so I presume it was only a small detachment.

The next we heard of him (I was about 15 at the time was from a Mr. Atherton, a lieutenant in the P & O Service who was a friend of my brother. Atherton's ship had called at the Island of Mauritius, and he there met my uncle. Eben, who asked him about our family, had married the daughter of a native clockmaker on the Island, and Eben had six children by her, all alive. He sent a message to my father by Atherton, asking if my father would receive him if he came home and left his wife and family.

The next we hear of him is from the following letter to my brother.

54.

Port Louis, Mauritius, 15th Feby. 1858.

My dear Nephew
This letter will be handed to you by a gentleman who I believe is an intimate friend of yours (Mr. Atherton) and who I fortunately met with in this Island about two months since and with whom I confided a hasty letter to your Dear Father, and my dear brother Hastings –

Oh! that the Gentleman by his kind intercession with you may be the means of my gaining some information relative to my Dear Dear Family, but Alas I am in dread to hear the tale, but however awful perhaps may be the different occurrences that may have naturally taken place during so many years absence, I entreat you to let me know all and then and then alone I shall be prepared to die happy.
I would again write to your dear Father but have several times made a vain attempt, my feelings completely overcoming my reason and until I have the extreme pleasure or hearing once again from any branch of my beloved family, I feel my utter impossibility to address them.
When I last saw you, Oh happy days! You were but a boy but now you are in manhood and I hope by God's Grace in prosperity and the father of a happy family!
My head grows giddy and I find I am really incapable of completing the task I have undertaken in writing you - May God bless you and yours.

Many have been the ups and downs of this world with me (the just reward of disobedience in youth) since I left my long lost home, but still I have as yet by the blessing of Almighty God preserved good health as the sole fortune I possess.
I found out your dear father's address by a copy of the London law list which is the same as when I was in England.

I need scarcely add with fervent prayers

God bless you all

Your most affectionate Uncle
William Draper.

(Note by H.C.D. Uncle Eben changed his name to William on leaving England.)

There was a small oil painting of Uncle Eben which I last saw at my brother Edward's, No. 3, Vincent Square. Eben was represented as being fair, with a fresh complexion and round, good-humoured looking face, and fair curly hair. He wore a blue coat with brass buttons and a buff waistcoat quite sporting - the rest of his costume I cannot describe, as it ended in the picture with the waistcoat. My mother spoke of him as a great favourite with all.

(xiii) Arthur Draper

Arthur Draper was born on the 13th January 1819, at No. 2 Walcott Place, East Lambeth, He was baptised on the 24th of the same month and died on the 28th of that month. He was buried on the 3rd February following in Lambeth Burial Ground.

(xiv) Helen Anabella Draper

Helen Annabella Paterson Draper - the last of my grandfather's children - was born 1st October 1820 at No. 2 Walcot Place Lambeth and christened 7th May 182 at Lambeth Church; her Godparents were Mr Thomas Fether, and her Sisters Sophia and Augusta Draper.

This aunt of mine I can best describe as of a rollicking disposition, with a jovial rubicund face and light blue eyes, thoroughly Bohemian in her mode of living when she was widow, at which period I knew her best, as her husband, Joseph Keates, died when I was very young. He was a bookseller in Sloane Street, Chelsea, King's Road end, and my grandmother lived there in her widowhood; but why my aunt married Mr. Keats I know not, for he would verily have passed for the Melancholy Jacques as it was his custom to sit and heave deep sighs - whether it was on my aunt's account I know not; but I have often wondered if he was a descendant of Keats, the poet who Wrote "Endymion", who sighed for the moon, as the poet himself sighed for his unappreciated poetry.

Aunt Helen and her sister Augusta together would have passed for "Comedy and

Tragedy"; Aunt Helen was distinctly comic, she had a humorous twinkle in her bright blue eyes, accentuated by a very florid complexion; and as she assured me that she drank milk only I suppose it was owing to the Brighton air, where she and her husband had removed to from Sloane Street when I was a child.
My father used to take my mother, sister Sophy and me to see them at Brighton in the early days of "The Pavilion" and when Brighton was not the weekend resort of the bicycle scorcher and Sunday tripper. I am speaking of about 75 years ago, it now being 1931.

My aunt and Mr. Keats were Roman Catholics. When Mr. Keats died my brother attended his funeral and told me afterwards that the officiating priest rode in the mourning coach with him and had certain sacerdotal implements, amongst which were a pair of bellows - for what purpose I know not but my brother suggested that it was to waft the spirit of the departed up.

Mr. Keates left his widow with one daughter, Mary Paterson Keates, and little else: so my father, his brother Carter Eben, and Aunt Sophy Barry made them an allowance, which Aunt Helen supplemented by teaching the piano, at which she was an excellent performer. She and her daughter continued to live at Brighton, the latter after she had been educated at a convent school in Belgium. We used to see them often when staying at Brighton, and they visited us there, each year adding roses to my aunt's cheeks. She was a jolly companion, and had a Friar Tuck appearance which caught my youthful fancy. When Aunt Harriet went to live at Brighton (my cousin Mary called her "Aunt Tabby"), she did not live with her sister, but the latter, her daughter, and Aunt Harriet all lived in different apartments and houses, although they continually visited each other. Aunt Helen was a great friend of Mrs. Nye Chart, the celebrated theatrical manageress, and I believe lessee of the Brighton Theatre of that period. My aunt therefore had the free run of the Theatre, "free, gratis, and for nothing". As Mary was also included, it is not to be wondered at that she took a fancy to a theatrical life especially as they went in for amateur theatricals at her convent school; but she was not a success at this, although she was an excellent pianist and had good voice for singing, but not for speaking. She was better at composing and writing comic songs, at which she met

with some success. I shall never forget the dash with which she used to sing Hortense Schneider's song in *The Grand Duchess of Gerolstein* -

> There lived long since in days gone by
> A Duke amongst my predecessors
> Whose boast it was that he could vie
> In drinking with the best professors.
> The Deacon he tried hard indeed,
> Took twenty-eight quarts to replenish.
> His henchman o'er and o'er again
> Unceasing filled it high with the Rhenish
> Fill high}
> The dear old boy, how he could swill and what a cup to fill!"
> Fill high!

She had several other songs, which she sung with a reckless jollity, and with an equal dash in the piano accompaniment. Aunt Helen died in Brighton about the year 1900. Aunt Harriet died shortly after, and Mary in 1904; they all died at Brighton.

CHAPTER IX.
EDWARD DRAPER

My first recollection of my brother Edward Draper, who was twenty-one years older than myself, was of a young man dressed in the fashion of "Nicholas Nickelby" as represented by George Cruikshank. A portrait of Edward Draper, painted in oil by Thomas Henry Nicholson, artist and sculptor and one of the teachers of Count D'orsay, hangs in my room here. My first impression of him is that of sitting at our father's breakfast table, eating hot buttered toast and tucking the crusts under the edge of the tea-tray. My next is of his bedroom being decorated with a human skull, a Roman short sword, a Malay "kris" with a wavy blade, and a pair of fencing foils. An anecdote or two of his boyhood were told me by our mother:-

One Christmas morning Edward had been thinking that the front door might be unlocked by the use of gunpowder. Instead of the usual key. He therefore filled the keyhole with it and attached a portfire of string damped and steeped in gunpowder. He lit the end of this; it spluttered up to the powder, then seemed to expire. Edward therefore put his face down to see the cause of this, when the gunpowder suddenly exploded, blowing off his eyebrows and part of his hair, blackening his face and temporarily blinding him. Hearing his cry, our Mother rushed to help him, exclaiming in anguish; "My poor boy has lost his beautiful blue eyes!". This, I am glad to say, did not happen, as he soon after he recovered his sight, his eyebrows, and the deficient hair -but what a merry Christmas our parents must have had.

Edward was articled to our father - a solicitor - when he was old enough. Our father's offices were in his residence in Vincent Square, Westminster, and in that devoted to my brother and the other clerks I recollect the ceiling was studded with red adhesive wafers (then much in use) these my brother had damped and flicked up there. That office window looked out on the back garden, where stood an aged alder tree, from the branches of which depended on many pieces of red tape at each end, of which was tied a large lump of coal as a missile for the cats that assembled there for their concerts. Edward had evidently read of the Mexican weapons called

"bolos". He was fond of weapons, and having an old muzzle-loading rifle, made good practice at a zinc chimney-pot to a washhouse next door; the chimney being backed by a high wall, the bullets went no farther. What would have been the result of this practice in the present day? - I wonder. Even then it was fortunate that the next house was occupied by a friend.

In those days it was usual in small families not to send to a laundry, but to have the washing done at home. Our washerwoman was an elderly Irish woman named Kibble or Keeble.

My brother was a great favourite with her, and she greatly admired his pranks until -- One fifth of November my brother made a little mound of gunpowder on the spot of ground where she was bending over the washtub, with her back turned to him. This little mound of gunpowder he connected with a thin train of it to the open doorway, and lit it. There was a wild Irish yell as the little mound exploded. Further details on whether my brother was punished for his Guy Fawkes behaviour, I know not.

Soon after, Edward had passed his examination as a solicitor. He married in 1855, a young lady named Hannah Warren. I recollect his bringing home his bride, who soon became a great favourite with all of us. His version of their marriage (to me) was that he was walking with her (being then engaged), and on passing a church, he said to her "Oh, Hannah, here's a church! Let's go in and get married", and they did. He did not tell me if he had a special licence from the Primate.

After their marriage, the couple took rooms in Vincent Square, Westminster, in a house occupied by a bandsman in the Guards, who played the trombone and who died of consumption. This I think must have suggested to Edward his song of "The Trombone" which I often heard him sing at the Savage Club when I was his visitor there; the full force of the company would join heartily in the chorus “The Old Trom-b-o-n-e!”
One verse of this I particularly recollect:

> Now all you young men who get playing martial instruments
> Take my advice, better leave 'em alone
> If you must blow out your insides in the service of your Country,
> Better blow ‘em out with victuals than the old Trombone.
>
> (Growling chorus) “The old Trombone."

But to return to the days of Edward Draper's youth. He was an intimate friend of Thomas Henry Nicholson, the sculptor and artist. Nicholson was assistant to Behncs sculptor who was engaged by Count D'Orsay to teach him the art of sculpting statuettes, and often Nicholson was deputed to take Behncs's duties there at Gore House Kensington, and became a great favourite both with the Count and Lady Blessington, whose lovely hand Nicholson sculptured in white marble, which I have seen at Nicholson's studio, many years after the Count's and Lady Blessington's deaths on the Continent. After Nicholson's death, I saw the marble hand in my brother's drawing-room, as many of Nicholson's objects d'art were bequeathed to him, some of which are now in my possession.

While yet a law student Edward passed many a happy time at Nicholson's studio in Holywell Street, Westminster. Here they used to play pranks upon the passers-by in the street below, principally with a long blow tube, the missiles for which were a special invention of Nicholson's that left no traces; being, I believe, plaster of Paris hollow bullets, by dint of which many street lamps had their glasses broken, and men’s top hats were knocked off or damaged, to the utter astonishment of the wearers. Such were the practical jokes of that time, not confined to youths.
As my brother Edward was brought up at 45 Vincent Square, it may be as well to give a short description of Vincent Square at that period. It had been originally used as a place for the holding of tournaments and feats of arms and after that, for bull baiting, bear baiting, dog fights, etc. In my brother's time it had degenerated in to a playground for all the rough youths and boys from the back slums of Westminster, of which there were many in the immediate neighbourhood of Vincent Square and Millbank.

The square being then an open space and not enclosed by railings, was dangerous for any decently clad boy or girl to pass through. Edward ignored this, and many were the fights with sticks, stones or fists he had in consequence, and I attribute this to his propensity for fighting instead of argument, which he despised, but he became rather adept at fighting, especially when he grew to manhood and took lessons at Chiosso's gymnasium and school of arms, which I believe was then in Oxford Street. Here he learnt boxing, wrestling, single-stick and quarter-staff.

But to return to his youth. In one of his journeys across Vincent Square he was set upon, when without a stick which he almost invariably carried, by a hulking bully who had one, and made for him with it.
Edward hastily picked up a large piece of brick and flung it at his opponent, with such force and precision that it hit him on the forehead. He dropped like a stone and was carried unconscious to the hospital, where he had brain fever. Whilst still at the hospital, he swore that when he recovered, he would stick his knife into Edward. I believe my father paid compensation and nothing more was heard on the matter, but it gave my brother a lesson, and he determined in future to use more harmless weapons and to become an adept in the use of them.

At Chiosso's he made the acquaintance of young Jim Mace, a professional pugilist, who gave him a pair of his horsehair boxing gloves with "J. M." in black letters marked on the palm of each (which gloves my brother afterwards gave to me, when I went in for the noble art with my friends; and I passed them on years after to my younger son Lionel.)
One day my brother went into Chiosso's for some exercise - and he got it. A hefty broad-shouldered man had just had a boxing bout, and before he had taken off the gloves. Just as my brother came in, he called out “Would any other gentleman like to have a turn with me?”. Edward stepped forward and said he would. Having peeled and put on the gloves, the bout commenced, and Edward led off with a blow which caught his opponent fairly on the nose - he knew nothing more except that he was being subjected to a storm of blows, and was ultimately led out of the ring

a wiser and battered man. When he was having his upper garments put on, a bystander said to him, "Didn't you know who that was, you had a mill with?" On Edward saying he didn't, the stranger said, "It was Tom Sayers, the man who beat Heenan, the big American champion."
This was indeed a big fight. Heenan was a giant compared to Tom Sayers, and the latter had his arm broken during the fight (I think his right arm), but he continued fighting, and was the victor. I recollect reading the fight in "Bell's Life and the Licensed Victualler's Gazette" (now "The Pink 'Un"). I read it in the summer-house at the end of the garden at Hanwell to my cousin Mary Keats, who was then visiting us, and we both enjoyed it immensely - we were then about fourteen. Years later my wife told me that she saw the fight as she was out walking with her father in the fields; they were then living, I think, at a place called Botcher by in Cumberland and saw it at a short distance being on rising ground, and there was no crowd, as the fight had taken place there and was kept secret to evade the police, prize fights being then forbidden.

When the Volunteers rose to the fore Edward joined the "Queen's Westminster Volunteers" then under the command of Richard Grosvenor, Marquis of Westminster. Here Edward proved a good shot with a rifle and won regimental prizes, one being an excellent silver-mounted telescope in a leather case with a sling; this he would always carry slung across his shoulders whenever we went on an expedition into the country together. He always spoke fondly of it as the Tallow-scoop." I have it still.

Edward was not noted in the "Queen's" for his smart military appearance, and at the social meetings of the regiment he used to sing a song of his he had written to the air of a then popular comic song called "Billy Barlow." The following is an extract from his parody: -

> You may see by my dress, if you know what it means
> As I've been and enlisted myself in the "Queen's"
> When we march through the streets the boys sing out
> "Hullo"

Here's the rifles a-coming, look out for Barlow
Heigho. they all of en know
How the uniform brings out the charms of Barlow.

That day in the Park ('twas the grandest I've seen)
When the rifle battalions was viewed by the Queen;
Says she to the Duke, who stood at her elbow, "Most soldier-like person, that Mister Barlow." "Heighho. decidedly so"
Said the Duke, as he slyly took sight at Barlow. Should I fall in the field (not a probable case)
My body, of course, in the Abbey they'll place,
With a sculpture in marble or me-standing so,
And glory & crowning the brows or Barlow
Heigho there'd be a show,
Why thousands would flock to the tomb of Barlow,
Now by way of an epitaph,
I'd just recommend them to stick up my song,
With -"Hanc cantelenam, 8apore mag-no,
Victoria regnante, cantavit Barlow"
simple and strong
Heigho. tip it 'em so:
A touch of that classical horther Barlow"

At the time when the "Queen's first started the uniform (Light grey and scarlet facings) it was greeted sometimes in the streets with a shout of "Who shot the donkey?" in allusion to some tragedy which I think occurred at the long range, Wormwood Scrubbs, then a rifle practising ground of Volunteers.
Edward was going to drill one day in uniform without his rifle. As he was walking along the Vauxhall Bridge Road, he was greeted by a cabman, who was standing outside a public-house, with a loud shout of "Yah! Who shot the donkey?" Edward happened to be in rather an irritable mood; he made no reply, but seizing the offender round the waist, tripped him backwards, and falling on him, added his full weight (13 stone) to the heavy crash with which the man fell on the pavement. Edward picked himself up, dusted his uniform, and walked on. What damages Jehu sustained I know not, but none were paid.

Later on, upon a more serious fracas, it was Edward who sustained the damages.

At the time there was much agitation about Home Rule for Ireland. A meeting was being held by Home Rule supporters, and an agitator was holding forth to a crowd of sympathisers in Lincoln's Inn. Edward was passing, and put a few pertinent questions to the orator which rather turned his statements into ridicule. He (Edward) was set upon by some of the rough element there; being accustomed to bouts of single-stick at Chiosso's, he had partly succeeded in cutting a way through his adversaries" with his stick, when a voice called out "Take away his stick". His arms were seized from behind and his stick taken; at the same time he received a violent blow just under the eye cutting his face there and making the blood flow freely; at the same moment his watch and gold chain were seized or disappeared. Edward's blood was up, as well as out, and he hit out right and left with his fists until he got to the doorway of a house in Lincoln's Inn Fields; the door was suddenly opened, and he was hauled in by the friendly hands of some of the occupants, where he was kindly attended to. Some of the mob battered at the door, but when they found this was too stout for them, they retired and after the mob had dispersed, Edward went to King's College Hospital, the secretary of which, Mr. James Blyth, who was a friend of his. Here he had his eye dressed, and went home. The next morning we saw the incident mentioned in *The Times*. A short time afterwards I was telling a friend of mine, a young solicitor, about it, and he said, "Oh, was that your brother? I was one of those who let him into that house in Lincoln's Inn. We had been watching him from the window".

Edward was great at losing watches, and I think it was on account of what is called "absence of mind", but which might more reasonably be called concentration of it. One day he was walking along the Strand (he was elderly then) when a man missed the kerb, slipped, and clung on to Edward's watch chain, a thick gold one – for support. He saved himself, apologised, and passed on. When Edward got home, his wife exclaimed, "Why, Edward, where is your watch?" The chain was hanging down, minus the watch. Not long after this Edward was walking down the alley leading out of Fleet Street where "Punch" was then published, when a young man made a snatch at his watch, got it, and ran off. Edward just had time to give him a

swinging cut across the face as the thief ran off and escaped. Edward was too old to follow him, and there was no one else in the alley. The last watch he lost was a year or two after. Edward had attack of what he thought was locomotor ataxia; and he was walking in Westminster, when his knees suddenly seemed to give way, and he fell on the pavement; a kindly stranger picked him up and saw him into a cab. When he got home, both the watch and chain - both gold - had disappeared, the kindly stranger only knew where. The watch had been our father's, which he gave twelve guineas for at Benson's, in Cheapside.

From an early age Edward had mixed amongst literary people. His first attempts at literature were, I believe, while attending the Literary Institute in Smith Street, Westminster, some of the members of which he satirized both in sketch and verse. Then his friend William Henry Nicholson, the artist, while teaching sculpture to Count D'Orsay at Gore House, took some of Edward's songs to the Countess of Blessington (Count D'Orsay's mother-in-law) at Gore House, with the following result (I quote now from Edward's written memoranda, which I have).

"Upon reading these songs, Lady Blessington said "Really your young friend ought to know Albert Smith".
Then she turned to her niece and requested her to write to that gentleman and bespeak me a kindly reception. This was done. I found Albert Smith, in a blouse, sitting at his desk. He showed me his quaint treasures of curiosities, foreign toys and knick-knacks. He hailed me as a brother chip, and we each had a glass of wine, parting, as the event proved, on the most kindly terms. At this period he was bringing out his novel of “Christopher Tadpole” in monthly shilling numbers, illustrated by John Leech, also his Marchioness de Brinvilliers', with the same illustrator, in Bentley's Miscellany, to which magazine, Albert Smith was the editor.

He at the same time, was either editor or chief contributor carrying on the profession of a dentist at 14 Percy Street, Euston Square, having duly studied surgery at hospitals both in London and Paris. After the success or his novels he gradually abandoned dentistry in favour of literature and lecturing in the provinces

and at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, where he lectured on his ascent of Mont Blanc, and on China.

He wrote *The Adventures or Mr. Ledbury*, *The Pottleton Legacy* and some others. (His *The Adventures of Mr. Ledbury* and *Christopher Tadpole* were a delight to me in the days of my youth, and I have read them two or three since with equal pleasure. H.C.D.)

To continue my brother's memoirs: He received, soon after his introduction to Albert Smith, the following characteristic letter from him: -

14 Percy Street
Wednesday
(no date)

My dear D----

Can you come up to my place to-morrow evening (Thursday) about 7 - the Men in the Moon are to assemble, and we shall have beer, grog, and oysters.
Yours very truly,
Albert Smith.

That meeting was Edward's first attendance at a literary party. The company consisted of the host, Robert Ingram, Henry and Horace Mayhew (brothers, the latter was the author of "London Labour and the London Poor" and several other works), Kenny Meadows, an illustrator of Thackeray's Pall Mall Gazette, Shirley Brooks (afterwards an editor of "Punch").
John Oxenford and Angus B. Reach, all three of whom were well known in the literary world of that time. The object of the meeting was to start a humorous illustrated monthly magazine - price sixpence - *Punch* being the only humorous paper of any note then.
This magazine was to be called *The Man in the Moon*, and to which my brother contributed stories, verse and sketches. *The Man in the Moon* lasted for two years when it was bought by a non-literary man as a speculation; the old staff discontinued to contribute, and the *Man in the Moon* died a natural death.

After this, my brother contributed to *The Train, Town and Country, The Month*, and one or two other magazines run by Albert Smith.

The next magazine Edward contributed to was a paper called *The Comic Times*, the first contributors to which, were Edmund Yates, the Editor, Charles H. Bennett and William McConnell, the artists John V. Bridgman, John Oxenford, James Hannay, Sterling Coyne, Frank Ives Scudamore (a contributor to *Punch*), William S. Hale (a barrister, Godrey Turner (of the "Standard"), Robert Brough and his brother William Brough (Stage Manager). This paper was a success, and did well until its sudden decease by the secession of Herbert Ingram, presumed to be by the influence of his friend Mark Lemon, then the Editor of *Punch*.

After this Edward became one of the permanent staff of a weekly paper *The Illustrated Times*, to which he contributed a weekly article under the title of "Law and Crime" and for which he received £2 2s per week, which he continued in the *Illustrated London News* when "The Illustrated Times" became absorbed into that paper at the time Herbert Ingram purchased it.

Edward became a solicitor at about the age of twenty-five, having been articled to his father (who had been articled to his father Carter Draper), so that he was not dependant on Literature, but pursued it from a natural taste, his practice consisted principally of common law; my father's (which I ultimately had) was conveyancing and chancery.

Edward was one of the founders of the Savage Club as to which I will give an account in his own words.

> As one of the oldest members of the Savage Club, I have been frequently asked for my reminiscences of it's foundation: at one of the ordinary meetings of the "Comic Times" staff it was suggested that the prevalent system of publishing magazine articles without the signature of the several authors was unfair to them, by depriving them of the credit thereof. Finally we resolved to start a magazine of our own with the names of the writers of the several articles. We agreed to subscribe £l0 each towards the new venture, and that this should be called *The Train*. *The Train* came out and was a success, but G. A. Sala,

> from whom much was expected, unfortunately had an appointment which prevented his further "Train" services being continued, and which in consequence ceased to run.
>
> Such were the men most of whom in February 1857 banded together and formed the Savage Club. And some of them, Douglas Jerrold, Shirley Brooke and others, scaled the journalistic heights and attained to *The Times* and *Punch."*

I am afraid the above is somewhat disappointing with two exceptions: Edward does not name who the founders of the Savage Club were, or give any details, although I have searched for these in all his memoranda in my possession, first place I recollect it being held at was "The Piazza in Covent Garden, but this must have been about 1860. Soon after his admission as a solicitor, Edward, who was then married, took a house in Charlwood Street, Pimlico (No. 29, I think), here from the age of fifteen I became a frequent visitor, especially at tea, where I used to enjoy my brother's spontaneous bursts of humour and song, mostly improvisation; one I recollect was:

> At one in the morn
> Little Mickey was born
> were there all the time,
> And sure he and his mother
> Sure he and his mother were there all the time

To some wild Irish air and an accompaniment on the tea-tray with his knuckles, he also sang of the Wonderful things little Mickey did -

> At a fortnight old,
> At a fortnight old
> And all this he did at a fortnight old

Another of his impromptus was on Beecham's Pills; I am sorry that I only recollect the end of it, the air of which he borrowed from Tom Moore's lovely melody "Take this cup which is now o'erflowing". The end of Edward's burst of song as far as I can recollect was as follows: -

I'd sing its praises
Seated on some Elysian hill.
Oh it isn't eme tic
Or peripatetic;
It's a really excellent family pill!

He had "Pandean Pipes, which may have belonged to some Punch and Judy" man - I have still; and on this he would give us variation of his own of the "Carnival of Venice" or on his piccolo whistle, or else a Punch and Judy performance accompanied on the Pandean Pipes, or sometimes play a tin whistle through one nostril. I recollect once his bursting out with an oration in the midst of tea:

Oh come where bishops swim the lakes
And the archdeacon may be caught with an ordinary gentle!

Sorry I forget the rest. It was for the benefit of our cousin Carter Gairdner, who was then present, and was at about that time taking "Holy Orders" - but not from Edward. On another occasion he burst out with a parody from the refrain in the Tempest -

I fly by night,
I fly by night,
Midst troo-woo-woops of Spirits;
To the echoes,
To the echoes,
To the echoes of a neighbour who's ill".

Oh, how I long for the fun of those old days; people seem to be afraid to be funny now, or the sense of humour has changed. Sir Franois Burnand I think was the best and last an exponent of it. My father simply loved it. Edward was a great walker, and could be seen nearly every morning in the Strand, either on his way to the ua Courts, Somerset House, or the Savage Club. On Sundays, he would often walk to our father's house at Hanwell, spend the day there, and walk back in the evenings closely accompanied by his large black curly retriever named "Juno" and which he

had purchased as a pup.
Juno was a great favourite with all of us and followed Edward closely to heel; sometimes he would drop a glove or his stick in an unfrequented lane, and after walking about a quarter of a mile, would say, "Where's my stick (or glove), Juno?". Juno would start off and return with the missing article in her mouth. Edward, when walking to Hanwell, would stop here and there upon the road at some wayside inn and give Juno a large abernethy biscuit, and would drink a glass of pale ale while she was eating it - he used to give me both of those forms of refreshment when I was with him.
Edward used to generally take Juno with him when he went to a club called "The Wigwam" where she would join in the chorus of a hunting song Edward used to sing there by deeply baying when my brother held up his finger for the chorus.

Juno came to live with us at Hopefield Lodge, Hanwell when she began to get old; she used to sleep in my bedroom and fetch my Slippers from downstairs in the morning saying "Slippers, Juno". She died at Hopefield Lodge, of old age, deeply regretted.
When at home in London, Edward would always go out in the evening, walking from six to nine o'clock, during which time he would visit one or two friends, but always limited each visit to about twenty minutes, and he said that was ample time for all he had to say to a friend and that the friend had to say to him.
After seventeen years of married life Edward's wife (Hannah) presented him with a son, a very pretty, fair, blue-eyed boy, christened Arthur, but to my brother's great grief, Arthur died when two years old. Soon after the birth of his brother Herbert. I met Edward in the Strand soon after Arthur's death. He was very sad, and asked me to go into the Savage Club with him. I did, and saw Frank Vizetellij, the war correspondent, writing at a table; he shook hands with Edward and asked him why he looked so grieved. Edward told him of his son's death, and that he would like to follow suit. Vizetellij exclaimed "What, Draper? You to talk of dying; why, you would ruin half the brewers in London!!"

We all indulged in a hearty laugh. I may say here that although Edward was fond of pale ale - as most of the Drapers were, myself included, he was never inebriated,

and which I think will apply to all of us.

Edward had another great loss in the death of his wife from pneumonia. After this he lived on at No. 3 Vincent Square, where they had resided for several years after leaving Charlwood Street.
He took his wife's niece, Liza Mary Jackman (from Devonshire) to keep house for him and his son Herbert, then at Westminster School as a day DOJ.
Many were the merry literary parties Edward had at Charlwood Street, and at which it was my delight to be present, as they were generally accompanied with song and smoke. Here I have met Tom Robertson the dramatist, author of "Society", "School", "Ours" etc. Here came all the four Broughs - John, Robert, Lionel (the actor) and William (stage manager), Mrs. John Brough, Mr. and Mrs. Mortimer Collins, the novelists, Dr. Strauss formerly a surgeon in the Zouaves in Algiers, then the author of "An Old Bohemian"
James Hain Friswell - author of "The Gentle Life" and other works, with his tall graceful wife, Henry S. Leigh the humorous poet, author of "Lays of Cockaigne", "Strains of the Strand", "Garland," he was also a contributor to "Fun" a weekly comic illustrated paper .
Leigh also translated "Le Roi Carot" "La jolie parfumeuse", and other comic operas produced at the Alhambra. I shall never forget at one of these reunions the dry humour with which John Brough sang "A Horrible Tale", the crowning catastrophe of which was:

> And a fly on the wall, though by no means the first one
> Went and blowed itself up with spontaneous combustion

Also his grin rendering of Thackeray's "Little Billee" ; -

Oh Billee! oh Billee!
They are going for to kill for to eat yer.

I am afraid that the songs I sang of "Pretty Little Polly Perkins of Paddington Green" (Harry Clifton's song) and "Peter Gray he went out west a-Hunting Buffalo

Skins" must have fallen a bit flat amongst the above songs, but they were kind enough to applaud them; they had compassion on my youth.
Polly Perkins was certainly ambitious, for, to quote her song:

> Oh,
> The fellow who has me must have silver and gold
> A chariot to ride in and be handsome and bold

But her matrimonial aspirations were not realised, for the end of the song was.

> In six months she married, this hard-hearted girl
> But it was not a Viscount and it was not an Barl,
> It was not a baronet, but a shade or two wuss,
> 'Twas a bow-legged conductor of a twopenny bus

Years after I heard a somewhat similar song at the Savage Club sung by Ellis Reynolds, who had just composed it, and was about to have it produced at "The Halls". I recollect the last verse of it, it was supposed to be sung by a girl who wanted to be "on the boards" in a pantomime:-

> She wanted to be a fairy,
> She wanted to be a queen,
> To pirouette
> Like a marionette
> Around a fairy scene.
> She wanted to be a columbine,
> But the managers all said no.
> So she came down
> To marry a clown
> On board of a penny show."

I am afraid I have taken liberties which some of these lines, but not having heard them for nearly forty years must be my excuse.
Before leaving Charlwood Street for Vincent Square an unfortunate thing happened. One morning I was calling at Charlwood Street when I noticed a trail of

blood on the stone steps and the pavement. Edward was at home, he had his hand in a sling; his wife was upstairs, it being just previous to Arthur's birth.
I said, "What on earth has happened, Edward? Your doorsteps look tragic, and what's the matter with your hand?
He told me that the previous night before they went to bed, there was a loud knock at the front door, and on it being opened by the servant a strange-looking man said he wanted to see Miss--some unknown name there).
The servant said that she did not live there and that he had come to the wrong house. He appeared not to believe her, became noisy, and pushed past her into the passage just as Edward, who had heard the altercation, came out of the dining-room, highly incensed for fear of the stranger alarming his wife upstairs. Edward struck out hard at the intruder's face with his right fist, and sent him reeling out through the open doorway, which Edward shut, went back into the dining-room and attended to his hand, the knuckle of the third finger having been cut to the bone by the stranger's prominent front teeth.

In the morning he received a very polite message from the stranger apologising for the intrusion. It stated also that he was a Russian, visiting London, that he had made acquaintance with some undesirable female in Pimlico (then the happy hunting-ground of such characters) , and had gone to the wrong address, having partaken too freely of the "flowing bowl" (to quote Mr. Dick Swiveller). That Edward had knocked out two of his front teeth, for which he did not blame him under the circumstances. Edward wrote back accepting his apology and greatly regretting the Russian's loss, at the same time telling him of his cut knuckle. Quite a series of amicable messages passed between them for a short time, the Russian asking after Edward's wounded hand, and Edward after the Russian's depleted mouth. Slight as this cut knuckle appeared to be at the time, it was more than a month before Edward could use his right hand and in fact he suffered from it for the rest of his life, the third finger being always bent inward. During the first month there seemed danger of septic poisoning from the lost teeth, which had taken their revenge.

During this time Henry S. Leigh, the humorous poet, very kindly devoted his spare time to act as Edward's amanuensis, doing all his writing from dictation, a kindness which Edward never forgot. A few years after, his son Herbert's admission as a solicitor and partnership with his father, Edward became seriously ill; he was no longer able to go to the Savage Club, and since the death of his wife seemed to have lost all interest in life. At last he had to take to his bed, and one afternoon when I called to see him, I found him sitting up in bed with a large gally-coloured silk handkerchief - or "bandanna" as they were then called - tied around his head by way of a nightcap, making him, with his tawny moustache and pointed beard, look like one of the pirates of the Spanish main. He seemed quite cheerful, and in a low, weak voice, sang part, of an old Jacobite song with a weird chorus of "Croakle-dum-dee! Croakle-dum-dee!" He was perfectly sensible otherwise and held a rational conversation about his illness, but when I was about to go, he said, "I am going out tomorrow morning."

I answered him, "Surely, Edward, your doctor won't let you go out yet?"

He repeated, with an emphasis on the word "out", "I am going *out* tomorrow morning". Not until the next day did I grasp his meaning, when calling to see him, I was told that he died at three o'clock that morning.

It appears that, as his cough was rather bad, his wife's niece and his constant nurse, Eliza Mary Jackman with the doctor - Dr. Battye - who had been summoned, tried to persuade him to take a dose of medicine, but he laughed feebly, and said "What's the use of physicking a three-legged horse?" He then gave a cough and died.

When I heard this I realised why he sang "Croakle-dee" and told me he was going "out" in the morning - He knew.

He was buried at Kensal Green, his wife's grave. The members of the Savage Club sent a very handsome wreath, but the best testimonial of his worth, strangely enough, came from India, being an article in the "Asiatic Times", of which article the following is a copy, and I sincerely regret that I do not know the writer's name, for I heartily agree with every word of his article, and that Edward deserved it.

75.

(EXTRACT from the " Asiatic Sporting Times", India about March 1899.)

I heard in the most casual manner from a brother scribbler whom I met in Wine office court that Edward Draper was dead. Commingled with my deep regret for the death of an old friend, there flashed into my mind the recollection of our first meeting with poor dear "Billy" Stevens au Carr's in the Strand, when the conversation turned on That Artemus Ward, who had but recently arrived in London, was thirty-four years ago.
Our intimacy began from that moment and eventually strengthened into the warmest and closest friendship.
Draper was a "literary" solicitor, member of the Savage Club, when that institution was Bohemian, he was one of the truest of Bohemians outside the Savage Club, and yet a man of the solidest trustworthiness in his own profession, which, after his own quaint manner, he loved. He undertook with the utmost cheerfulness, any case in the courts for a literary man or journalist whom he knew and never charged a fee. For years he was the Honorary Solicitor of the Savage Club, and when he retired from that onerous post he was made a life-member.
Yates mentions him in his recollections as one of the contributors to 'The Train".
His beginnings, however, had preceded Yates. His proudest and most cherished memories included Albert Smith and Nicholson the artist and sculptor. For Albert Smith he wrote one of the opening chapters of *Christopher Tadpole*, and if the conqueror of Mont Blanc had his way he would have been made known in the preface. Draper scouted the idea. Nay, he went further. He destroyed a letter of Smith's in which the literary indebtedness of the author was acknowledged. To that brilliant little periodical the *Man in the Moon* Edward Draper was a regular contributor, drawings as well as "papers", jokes, and poems. He was a member of the staff of *The Illustrated Times*, along with Yates, the Broughs, James Hannay, Frederick Greenwood, and Tom Robertson. The mention of the name of the dramatist reminds me that Draper was his solicitor.

I have a letter somewhere which recalls the fact. It is a reply to one of Draper's, and refers to seats at the play and also to a Robertson professional - a legally professional - interview. Robertson had engaged Draper to make his will and in the epistle referred to he mentions a day when it will be convenient for them to meet "and sign". I gather from the context that the play was "Shadowtree Shaft", one of Robertson's failures. Draper and I used to see a good deal of each other in the old "Circle Club" days. He, Henry S. Leigh, Walter Matthews, Alfred (brother of Watts) Phillips, and Ellis Reynolds (the author of a number of clever musical monologues, which the late George Buckland used to give) made a good deal of the entertainment of those happy, happy evenings by singing their

own songs. One of Draper's ditties I fancy I hear him singing it was "Vandyke Brown". How the chorus marks the period: -

> Turner, Etty, Landseer, Lance, or any other man
> May paint away according to a special fancy plan
> But the way to paint a picture that'll put ‘em down
> Is to scramble in your shadows with your Vandyke Brown!

“The Trombone" was another of his robustly humorous ditties.
I believe every line of it lives in my memory. Here is the first verse:-

> I sing of a gay, though an unrecorded hero,
> As fine a young soldier as ever was known,
> His tunic was scarlet, with gold lace embroidery
> And he served his Country - upon the Trombone.

"King John compelling the Barons to sign Magna Charta" was his contribution to the *Circle Club Papers*. H. S. Marks, R, A., made the drawing. Draper knew as much about queer London as Dickens himself, and more than either Peter Cunningham or Walter Thornbury, who by the way was one of his intimate friends. From an old clerk of his father's he had gathered some curious facts relating to the Gordon Riots. He was an odd character. His favourite seaside retreat was the island of Portland, whither he went summer after summer with his friend T. H. Nicholson, the artist. He steadfastly maintained that Nicholson, who was Count D'Orsay's assistant, was also his "Ghost”. That in fact, Nicholson was the man, and Count Orsay, who executed the drawings and sculptures which the elegant companion of the Countess of Blessington claims as his own.
Edward Draper was a kindly as well as a clever man, and though he had outlived the span prescribed Dypsalmist his heart was young to the last. God rest his soul.

Before finishing this long chapter on my brother Edward Draper there still remains much which I should like to say about his many kindnesses and eccentricities, but which must curtail as much as I can.

When I was about fifteen Edward had to go over to Paris to consult M. Berrié, a celebrated French barrister, about a point of French law, under the "Code Napoleon" which affected an English client of Edward's who then resided in Paris.

Edward very kindly suggested to our father that I should go with him, and to that, rather at once consented, and provided the necessary extra funds.
The first I recollect of that trip, I was delighted, was standing on Dover pier and looking at our steamboat (paddle wheel), and then out to sea, when Edward exclaimed "It's going to be a teazer", which I translated as a rough sea directly. I saw the "white horses" there, but never having crossed the channel before, I did not know what was (up). Edward and I made ourselves comfortable on seats on one of the high hurricane desks; when we got a littles way out, we began to be tossed about a bit, and Edward sang a sea song the chorus of which was:

We jolly sailor boys perched up aloft
And the landlubbers lying down below, below, below

I was joining heartily in this chorus, when I suddenly exclaimed "Oh, Edward, I feel so funny". He replied ominously, "Look here, young 'un, you go down those stairs onto the deck, put your head over the side, and see what will happen." I did, and it did. I gazed helplessly at the constant on-coming rollers, and feeling that I should not be very sorry to be under them, until we were nearly in mid-channel, when I leant my head upon my arm, fell into a deep sleep, and mercifully did not awake until we were about to enter Boulogne Harbour.

Edward had not been ill. He reserved that for the train journey from Boulogne to Paris; whereas at Amiens station, I had a hearty meal of roast chicken covered with some delicious rich French sauce.
In Paris we took a double-bedded room in a quaint old hotel, "Hotel Suisse" Rue de Boulois, near the Palais Royal where we used to go for our meals to a restaurant "The Café Montesque", principally, where I always enjoyed vin ordinaire - which I don't think I should now; fortunately it was always followed by a cup or excellent coffee an demi-tasse or cognac on it which Edward always set I1re bo much to my regret.
Our bedroom at the Hotel Suisse amused me; the floors were rea brick polished with wax, and each water-basin held about a pint of water - on this we had to ablute. Hearing the tapping of a drum outside, I looked out of the window and saw

an almost oval cluster of Little French infantry soldiers clad in their long dark-blue overcoats turned back from the waist and showing their brilliant red baggy trousers, with white spats over their boots, and wearing the leather peaked cap surmounted with a large red pompom.
They had no formation in marching, or attempted to keep steps. As they wore large red worsted epaulettes they looked very broad-shouldered, short and sturdy, their large moustaches and pointed beards giving then a very martial appearance. This was at the period of which "Trilby" was written, genuine old Paris still existed, and Zouaves walked the streets clad in the "fez" and brilliant Turkish costume of that period, most of them bronzed with the sun of Morocco.
I cannot here enter into the details of this delightful trip except for a few things which struck me; one of which was a curiosity shop in which was a large two-handed sword and a block that were labelled "Sword and block with which Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded."
Not far from this was another curiosity shop with a precisely similar sword.
Was she beheaded twice? How indignant, the axe and block in our Tower of London, which really officiated on that occasion, would have felt at seeing these.
Those large two-handed swords were really such as were used by the Swiss Mountaineers, in defending their mountain passes from the Burgundians in the time of Louis XI of France and Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and are mentioned in Sir Walter Scott's “Quentin Durward".

Another thing that struck me was that at the corner of some of the old streets were the ominous words, in large blue letters, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité". These may have been the relics of the "Reign of Terror" or the end of that of Louis Philippe. I think the former; but I was impressed with a feeling of awe and that I had been there in those times.
Did I inherit this feeling from my mother's father the emigre - I wonder? Talking of this, I saw on the Arc de Triumphe, amongst many others, of the names of Bonaparte's Marshals, that of Marshal Royer, which name was that of my said grandfather's family, as I have already mentioned. One of my objects of horror was the "Morgue" of that time, where the bodies of all persons found murdered or suicided in Paris were placed for identification - stripped - on slate slabs (Like our

fishmonger's), and over each of which a little ream of water ran, the clothes of the deceased being hung on pegs round the hideous room, and the walls were almost covered with these relics of former occupants. There was no occupant of the slabs when I went in, Edward having ascertained this first; but the awful peppery smell of those dead clothes quickly sent me out of the building. Now, I believe they have altered all that, for when I was in Paris after the Commune, I noticed there was a fresh building, and I hope a fresh atmosphere, but I did not go in.

Of my delight at the Champs Elysees, the Palace of Versailles, the Louvre and the Tuilleries I cannot enter into now, so say good-bye to Paris.

Edward, in his many conversations with me, frequently used words which would have puzzled anyone who knew him not for instance, one day, meeting me, he said, "Come and dine with us today, Waxy, we've got a 'legomoton' for dinner - meaning, not a Greek dish, but a 'leg o' mutton'. Another time, I was invited to partake of "pruffles and smam," which by interpretation was a pair of fowls and some ham. I believe he called me "Waxy!" on account of my quick but short temper. I must now say farewell to Edward, one of the best of brothers and friends, and as the Editor of the *Asiatic Sporting Times* said - "God rest his soul?" which I believe was a pure one.

CHAPTER X.
OF THE LAST OF MY GENERATION.

I have often heard of garrulous old men, but seldom met one - though old, I am not garrulous. But since I began these memoirs, which they are principally, I think, from the length they have spun out to, I must be scribulous not bibulous - and as I may not live to be a centurion, I mean centenarian, I think I must bring the present work to an end as soon as I can. This not being an autobiography, I shall not here enter into my own personal experiences, although I think my travels in Australia and life in Queensland might be interesting, and if "my friends and my relations" are not wearied with the foregoing, I may, if I live and retain my faculties long enough, be inclined to do so, all business matters being strictly omitted. I have given a long account of my brother, having seen more of him (I am not alluding to the swimming-baths) than of any other relations, barring my parents.

Helen Matilda Draper - my eldest sister - was born 5th February 1828 and christened at Lambeth Church, as was my brother Edward. She married Robert Montague at Isleworth Parish Church (on the banks of the Thames), Middlesex, on July 11th 1849. I believe I was christened there at the same time, although born on 9th April 1847.

Two more opposite dispositions than Helen and her husband could not be imagined; she was of a naturally quiet, and pious one, could write verse, was a brilliant pianist, could play the principal airs of "La Traviata", "Il Trovatore, "Martha" etc., from memory, without a page of music before her. But the cares of a large family, on small means for many years, stopped the music, although her husband used to have much pleasure in hearing her play. His only musical accomplishment was whistling, and he certainly had a most melodious one, that has brought tears into my eyes when I whistled that most sweet and plaintive air from "The Bohemian Girl" -

"The heart bowed down by many a care"

There his accomplishments stopped, as far as I know; and his religious opinions were certainly not derived from Westminster Abbey, where as deputy registrar (the Hon. Colonel John Thynne being registrar), "Bob" Montague had to attend the Dean on all occasions of state funerals at the Abbey and hear his sermons thereon. Talking of this, I must here tell an experience of Bob Montague at one of these funerals.

Bob had to support the Dean in the procession, and as he was doing so, to his dismay, he felt the band of his trousers gradually descending from his waist. He had dressed in a hurry, and had omitted to "truss his points" properly. Luckily for Bob, and to his great relief, they stopped when they reached the low-tide mark of his waistcoat.

You would have thought that the atmosphere of the Cathedral would have inclined Bob to an admiration of the Clergy. When not speaking to the Dean he always alluded to them as "those parson coves." Bob was an ultra-radical, and looked forward to the abolition of the House of Lords, which I am thankful to say has not happened yet.

Bob was great at horse-racing; he and Colonel Thynn would employ part of their time in the Dean and Chapter office discussing racing, and smoking strong cigars

I met Bob one day, when he told me that he had just won £600 over the Derby. With this money he purchased Holyoak's oil painting of "The Sanctuary" in that year's Royal Academy by way of a good investment. I saw it in Bob's drawing-room many years after. It was one of the great unwanted.

Bob was made High Constable of Westminster and in the robes of this office he was painted in oils and duly hung, or hanged, above the line, in the Royal Academy. His martial cloak and baton gave one the likeness was lifelike. I regret to say that, in spite of being one of the stewards of Huret Park Races, poor Bob was reduced almost to poverty, I believe through betting. He continued to live at Hopefield Lodge, which had been allotted to my sister by agreement between us upon our mother's death, But Bob built off, with a high wall, the greater part of the garden, and erected villas there on, which I have not seen and do not want to. They did not seem to improve his fortune.

I have given all these particulars about my sister Helen's husband because I have nothing of interest to relate regarding her, except that she had many children, amongst whom was my favourite niece Helen, the eldest daughter, now I regret to say long since dead (1889); of her marriage with Henry Knight I will not speak except that it was not a happy one as far as I know, Du they had three sons.

My sister Helen died at Hopefield Lodge while l was in Queensland. Her husband (Bob) and his second daughter, Mary Montague, continued to live at Hopefield Lodge until his death two or three years after. My sister Helen died in 1904, aged 77. Bob Montague must have been over 80 when he died.

Hopefield Lodge is at present, occupied by my niece Lizzie Jeffries, a younger daughter of my sister Helen Montague) also her son Bruce Graham Jeffries, who has distinguished himself as a novelist under the nom de plume of "Bruce Graeme", author of "The Black Shirt" series of novels, *Under the Judge's Eye* and many other novels, also the *History of Buckingham Palace* and the *History of St. James*. The last time I saw him, he had a wife and one son of about four years old, both very pretty.

Poor Bob Montague was somewhat cursory in his language. If you disagreed with him in an argument he called you a damned fool, but if you agreed with him he called you a "basted ass", or something sounding very much like it, so there was no knowing how to discuss with him, you would be sure to get the cuss.

He and Edward, although so opposite, were great friends and chums from boyhood. I experienced many acts of kindness from Bob, who, in spite of his violent expressions, was very kind-hearted; when amiable he often addressed me as "young swell". I believe he was one of the governors of Emmanuel College at Wandsworth. His eldest son Robert was educated at St. Paul's School, London, took his degree at Trinity College, Dublin, and afterwards was a master at Dulwich College, after that, headmaster of the City Schools at Brixton, and died shortly after his retirement.

He was twice married, but died without children. The other son, John Henry Montague, is a surgical instrument maker in Bond Street; he had one son, Frederick, who died after his admission as partner in his father's business. John is still living, and carrying on the business a most successful one; John's wife, "Nancy", had one of the finest singing voices I have heard.

Sophy Draper, my other sister, was born on the 6th September 1843, I think at 45 Vincent Square, Westminster. My first recollection of Sophy is at Isleworth; the servant in charge had gone out and our parents were away, or out, and Sophy was minding me by the side of my little bed, for I was only four or five years old and just recovered from the scarlatina, and Sophy was amusing me with some sheets of "transfer" pictures, coloured bright vermillions.

Sophy at that time went to a day school over an archway on the pavement close to Isleworth Church; it was kept by a Madam Denoski, a Russian or Polish lady, I presume Sophy at that time must have been about eight years old. The next I recollect of her was both of us being sent as boarders to a girl's school on the occasion of a severe illness of our mother.

This school was in Holywell Street, Westminster, and was kept by two sisters, a Mrs. Kaye and Miss Hubert, who were very kind to both of us. After this we went to live at Hanwell, where Sophy went to a school - Mrs. Hailey's, at Brent Lodge, Hanwell - as a day boarder, Mrs. Kaye and Miss Hubert having taken a large boarding school at Royal Crescent, Clifton, near Bristol. Sophy was sent there to finish her education, and when she had done so, I also was sent to a Clifton boarding school, kept by a friend of Miss Hubert, Dr. John M. Tandy, and M.A. of Oxford, so that Sophy and I did not see much of each other during these periods, except in the holidays.

When we had both finished with Clifton we were much together at Hopefield Lodge, Hanwell, we used to go to Church together, and to the theatre when in London. My great delight was in Sophy's songs and music. Sometimes doing a little of the former myself to her accompaniment. She had a great memory for

music, and often, after we had been to a burlesque at the Olympic (where Robson then reigned supreme) or other theatre, she would sit down to the piano and play the most striking airs in it.

Then came the advent of our cousin Carter Draper, at that time a student of Trinity College, Dublin, and his subsequent engagement to Sophy. She was invited to my Uncle Carter's house in Dublin, and went.
I shall never forget that morning. My father was looking out of the window, watching her departure. I noticed that his face was pallid - for a wonder. My father was very fond of her: it was the last time he saw her until after her marriage in Dublin, while she was on that visit. Sophy and Carter, after their marriage, frequently used to come to London, I used to go about with them to the theatres, Alhambra, etc., and we had plenty of fun together, as we did before the marriage, when I went about with them frequently. The rest of Sophy's memoirs are better known to her many children than to me. But I am glad to say that I was on a visit to her at Grosvenor Road, Rathmines shortly before her much-regretted death, and a few weeks after my dear wife's, when we compared old memories and she played airs on the piano that we had heard in the days of our youth.
Sophy (like her mother and father) had any amount of pluck; to give an instance of this:

While her husband was appointed a Government surveyor for Galway and Connemara, which entailed his survey of hundreds of miles of roads in those two countries each month. He was of course away from home at frequent periods, and had to do his travelling mostly by jaunting car, a process somewhat longer than by the present-day motor-car.

While Carter was away during one of these journeys (they were living in rather a large house and grounds in Salthill, Galway), my sister awoke right early one morning - about four o'clock, I believe, and looking out of the window, she saw two young Irishmen in the orchards, stealing the apples. She hurried into her dressing-gown, got her husband's revolver, went out to the orchard, and confronted the thieves with one revolver in her hand. They scrambled up on to the Orchard

Wall, sat upon it, and gibed her, whereon Sophy levelled the revolver at them, and threatened that she would fire if they did not go before she had counted five. They dropped off the Wall, and disappeared before the count. On Carter's return, she told him of the occurrence and, as the apples continued to disappear, one night Carter and a sergeant of police, towards morning stayed in the coach-house which overlooked the orchard.
Before long they saw the two fruit thieves drop over the wall and set to work gathering their harvest of apples. When they had every pocket too heavy and bulging, for them to run, Carter and the sergeant rushed them, and locked them up in the coach-house, where they made a frightful uproar with their yells until they were marched off to the police station. They had six months each, and threatened to slay Carter on the expiration of their term, but this affected him not.

Fenianism was then rampant in Ireland, and Carter was used to threats, he had received. As a curiosity; it was to the effect that he sent me one of the threatening letters: unless he allowed the contractors' repairs as satisfactory in all the roads of a certain district, the writer would set "Captain Moonlight" at him; and underneath was the sketch of a very rude coffin. Carter made inquiries, found that the contractor himself had sent the letter, and Carter literally answered it by disallowing every road in that contractor's district. Yet he lived.

Carter told me that when out on one of his journeys, alone and on foot, he was walking by the side of a road at the edge of a wood. He heard a slight noise, and looking up, saw a man pointing a long gun at him (reminiscent of the first chapter of "Gil Blas"). Carter recognised the man at once; he had been tried for murder, but once (as usual then) witnesses could not be brought to give evidence against him, he was discharged. The magistrate who tried the case was a friend of Carter's, and told him that there was no doubt of the man's guilt; but under the circumstances, for want of evidence, he had to acquit him, though he was a dangerous character. Carter told me that when he saw the muzzle of that old long gun and the man who was at the other end of it "Well, Hastings, I was never in a greater funk in my life; but I wasn't going to let him see it, so I gave a laugh and said

"Ah, Micky, so you're going to shoot me."

The man grounded his gun, and bursting into a laugh said:

"Sure, yer honour, it was only a Joke."

It might have been for him, but it would not have been for me, if I had not looked up just then and met his eyes. He probably thought I had a revolver with me which was more dependable for going off than his old flint-lock gun. But I hadn't."

Things got so bad in the way of agrarian and other murders in the west of Ireland that Carter at last yielded to the solicitations of his invalid mother, and got transferred to County Wicklow. Sophy told me that when they were leaving Salthill all the poor people about, lined the road to the railway station, and there was not a dry eye amongst them. One dear old Biddy exclaimed, "God bless your ladyship, we wouldn't hurt a feather on your head!".

The last of my father Hastings Dare Draper's children was myself, but as this is not an autobiography I will only give the most interesting (to me) incident of my life, which was my meeting, engagement, and marriage with my own dear wife: I had been sent to read up for my preliminary law examination with a clergyman named Carey, at Sutton, Surrey who kept a small coaching establishment there, There were only about 6 of us including Robert Hall, who was the son of a parliamentary agent then living at the Manor house, Sutton, and whose sister went to the young ladies' boarding school in the High Street, Sutton. My great chum at the Rev. Careys was a youth named Allan Sewell who was going for a doctor at Guy's Hospital.
Allan and I, being elder boys, had a small study together, where we devoted our time in devising what harmless mischief we could do in the neighbourhood. When the shades of evening fell, we climbed over the back fence. Our business was altering signboards, etc. Our study window looked down on the fowlyard, and we derived much amusement by tying a small piece of tough cold beef at each end of short piece of string and throwing it into the fowl yard, where each end was at once

seized in the beak of a hungry hen, and then a tug of War began between the two which afforded us much diversion.
One evening, I recollect I called forth the anger of Miss Tennyson (the poet laureate's sister). I had got my fishing-rod, and with it was demolishing the swallows nest under the eaves at the side of her house. I had to beat a hasty retreat under a torrent of verbosity.

One afternoon, Allan and I were strolling down the High Street, Sutton, when we saw one or two carriages and several people going into the Ladies' School there. "They've got a fancy fair on there, I think." said Allan.

I said, "Well, let's go in and have a look at it."

"I don't see how we can do that, it is only parents and friends, I imagine" replied Allan. Well, let's go in; at the worst they can only order us out."
We went in and were at once seen by the schoolmistress who observed to one of the elder girls. "There are two cubs from Mr Carey's who have not been invited. Go and make them buy something to pay for their intrusion."
A minute afterwards I was looking at a pair of eyes which I thought were the most lovable I had ever seen. I purchased a rose, and in the course of conversation asked the owner of the eyes if she was going to the dance at Mr. Hall's that evening, to which we were invited by Robert Hall, it being to celebrate his sister's birthday. She told me that the schoolmistress and several of them were invited, and that she believed she was among the number.

When we went to that dance I found her there to my great delight, was introduced to her, and we danced every dance we could together and sat out in the conservatory: by this time, I came to the conclusion that there was only one girl in the world for me, and that I had found her. Going home that night, I said to Alfred Eastey (another of our fellows):

"I am going to marry that girl, Eastey."

"Nonsense. Why, you don't even know who her people are."

"I don't care who or what they are. I mean to marry her."

Five years after, I was at the Royal Academy with my wife- my fancy-fair wife when I saw Alfred Eastey standing close to us and looking at us in bewilderment. We lived happily together for fifty-years and a ten children. The only time we were not together was while I was in Queensland, where I went with the idea of making a home there for us, but which I found while there to be impracticable, as everything was then at its worst owing to a seven year drought. My travels in Western and Southern Australia and Queensland, I think, would prove interesting reading, but, as I said before, this is not an autobiography and time and space will not admit it here; I must therefore ask the reader to kindly

"Pass on to the next show" -

I should have said the next chapter.

CHAPTER XI.

My uncle Carter had the following children:

(i) Harry Napier Draper born 15th Sept. 1837 and was married to Hannah Conolly on the 15th Sept. 1857, the latter having died on 8th November 1865, he married Charlotte Egan on December 4th, 1866.

He had the following children:
Harry Carter Draper born 6th July 1859
Robert Hastings Draper, born 10th November 1863,
Carter Napier Draper, born Dec. 12th 1867,
Hannah Eleanor Draper, born October 15th 1861,
Charlotte, 23rd October 1870
May Draper, born Nov 20th 1875.

Harry Napier Draper succeeded his father in his business of wholesale druggist and wine merchant at Mary Street, Dublin, and evidently made a success of it. He made business excursions round Ireland and to America. He wrote a clever book about the properties of iron and invented and brought out "Draper's Dichroic Ink", which was used largely in Government and other offices in England and for private use; its characteristic was that it penetrated the paper, and therefore could not be erased. My brother Edward designed pictorial advertisements for it, which Harry used at the head of circulars, etc. Harry used to come to London frequently, and visit at my father's at Hopefield Lodge and Vincent Square; he also came to see my wife and me at Kensington after my father's decease. He was a J.P. of Dublin, an alderman and a prospective Mayor of Dublin when he died on July 27th 1892. He was so much respected in Dublin that crowds of all classes attended his funeral. I believe he left an estate of about £97,000 personalty, which shows that he must have been a hard and successful worker.

(ii) Frederick Draper, born 11th February 1839. My principal recollection of him was when he visited my brother in Charlwood Street, where he would sit by the

fireside, smoking a large meerschaum pipe with a long cherrywood stem, his constant companion. His father nicknamed him "Moses" why I know not, except that he had a very solemn expression. He went to Canada on a shooting and hunting trip for his health, and on his return brought back - besides skins a very handsome silver-mounted small-bore rifle, very heavy in the barrel which was of great thickness. This he gave to Edward, and he and I used to practise with it at Hanwell.

Fred married Isabella McKenny on the 14th February 1860, but he died on 1st May 1863. There were two children of the marriage: Frederick James Draper born December 28th, 1860 and Eben Carter Draper born March 3rd 1862. On the death of Fred, his wife Isabella with her two sons, went to live at the Blue Mountains, situated forty miles north of Sidney, New South Wales, and part of the family were still living there when I was in Sidney in 1903, but I did not go up the Blue Mountains to look them up. Poor Fred, he seemed to be of a gentle nature, but much too fond of that pipe, which I believe hastened his decease.

(iii) Ellen Draper. I used to see Ellen before her marriage, when Uncle Carter used to bring her and her sister Mary, generally known as "Polly" to London. Unlike most of the Drapers, she had very fair hair and light blue eyes. Ellen must have been a clever linguist if it is true, as I said, that she translated a Hungarian novel. She was born on 6th May 1841, and married George Hanlon in Dublin on 16th May 1865.

George Hanlon, I used to see frequently on his visits to London and he was rather a favourite with us. He was very clever, but was strongly suspected of Fenian Tendencies. I was with him one day in the bar of the hotel close to Barnes Bridge on the Surrey side. We were going to the camp at Wimbledon. An Irish labourer came into the bar, when George made him a long harangue in the Erse language, not one word of which could I understand; but I noticed the man's eyes soon seemed to blaze with fury as George got more excited in his speech, and to which the man made a reply in the same language, which George did not interpret to me, nor did I want to hear it. I found George a most genial companion; he used to write

comic songs, one of which remains in my memory still: it was to a quaint Irish air, which he might have also composed and was a parody on Tom Moore's "St. Kevin".

Oh there lived in Killarney of ould
A Saint of the greatest austerity
Of whom by our fathers we're told
That he looked on all girls with severity,
None to his cavern came nigh
The very extent of his wishes
Was throwing a hook and a fly
To catch the poor innocent fishes.
Oh fal-lal-theral-latheral-lay. "

I am sorry I cannot give the rest of the song, except that when Kathleen discovered the Saint's retreat while he was fishing: -

As fast as the sweet saint could hook 'em
Kathleen she gave him a look 'Don't you want
Some young lady to cook em?'
Oh fal-lal etc.

On returning once to his cavern by the lake:

When St. Kevin got back to the lake
And entered his swate little rockery
Kathleen was seated in state
Amongst his utensils and crockery
He hold of sweet Kathleen did take
Says he "On the women odd rot em
He then threw her into the lake
And splash she went down to the bottom.
Oh fal-lal etc.

The droll way in which he would sing this, while accompanying himself on the piano, caused fits of laughter. I recollect him singing it at Hopefield Lodge to my father, about three days before the latter's death, and he literally "roared at it", to use an expressive phrase. George once read a plan he thought of to the Royal Society; it was for working out astronomical distances by means of sums to be worked out by the children at the National schools. The report of it was in the "Times". It evoked many smiles, but came to nothing. George Hanlon died on November 27th 1873 and his wife survived him many years. They left two children, George and Eleanor.

(iv) Mary Draper. I see Mary's birth is put down as the same, almost, as her sister's, being 28th May 1843; as this would be only three days after her sister's birth, I confess myself somewhat puzzled.

Mary in no way resembled her sister, as she had dark brown hair, dark eyes and a fresh complexion. She married Henry Wilmott in Dublin; the year is not stated, but I recollect that they spent their honeymoon in London, where I saw much of them. They brought all their wedding presents with them, and on their leaving London they were packed in a box and put on the top of a four-wheeled cab (or "growler"). As they were going under the dark arch then leading to Waterloo Railway Station, the cab halted for a few minutes, and when they arrived at Waterloo the box of presents was not on the top of the cab - amongst them was a silver teapot, given by my father. On their arrival home they wrote to my father, giving the number of the cab and asking him to apply to the cab owner for compensation, claiming £20 for the amount of it. This my father did, and was successful, for the cab owner paid the full amount. I heard the following legend of Henry Wilmott after his marriage: they had a picnic party to one of the Wicklow Mountains, the "Sugar Loaf" I think, near Bray. At the foot of the mountain they left Wilmott in charge of the lunch and a stone jar of whisky. When they descended for that lunch they found him fast asleep. The lunch was there all right, and so was the stone jar, But the spirits had escaped:

All the king's horses and all the king's men
Couldn't get that lost spirit in bottle again.

As far as I recollect, poor Mary died giving birth to a dead child, much to the grief of all those who knew her on 7th June 1865.

(v) Carter Gorton Draper was the youngest of Uncle Carter's children; he was born on the 28th February 1843. I did not meet him until he was a student at Trinity College, Dublin when he spent part of his vacation in London. We at once became as brothers, and when he repeated his yearly visits of a month each, we were always together, visiting all sorts of amusements and public places-Westminster Abbey, Cremorne, the Tower, the Alhambra, Kensington Museum, the Tivoli, Kew, Richmond, Hampton Court, etc. I always looked forward to his visits, and I saw more of the sights of London then, than at any other period of my life. Having studied engineering at Trinity, where I believe he became assistant professor, he ultimately went up for an examination_for a County Surveyorship, he not only passed easily, but obtained the highest number of markings that had ever been obtained for it in Ireland. I believe he got either 600 marks or 600 higher than any previous applicant, I am not certain which sometimes Carter would come to London with fellow Trinity chums, amongst whom I recollect Oliver Plunkett, Isaac Mann, George Hanlon, Owen Armstrong (the son of my sister's doctor, Dr. Armstrong of Blackrock.)
Owen's eldest brother George was a schoolfellow of mine at Dr. Tandys at Clifton, his means of transport being the old Crimean transport vessel the "Calypso", which used to run between Bristol and Kingstown or Northwall, Dublin).
On these occasions we would make merry but not noiseless parties in London; and once in Paris, I think in 1881, to the second Paris Exhibition for some days, where we visited the "Gay Mabille" and the "Closerie des Lilacs" in the Quartier Latin, but as married men, except those who were single. Owen Armstrong was amongst the unmarried.

I will now conclude these memoirs with my recollections of Carter Alexander

Gairdner, who I should have put before any of us, as he was the son of my grandfather Carter Draper's oldest daughter.

Carter Alexander Gairdner usually called Gardiner was born in Tobago, West Indies, in 1834, the son of Rebecca Daking Gairdner and Colonel Alexander Gairdner, as before mentioned.

When I first met Carter Gairdner I was about ten years old; it was at Hopefield Lodge and I thought he exactly carried out my idea of a young English Army officer as he not only had the affected way of speaking of the officers of those days, but by the masterly way in which he could behead a tulip with his cane, and wore an eyeglass.
He was slim and remarkably active then, and gained my admiration by pluckily jumping over a pond the sides of which were perpendicular and about four feet high and which was about twelve feet across, of which space Carter cleared like a deer, after a short run.

My next recollection was of another of his visits to Hopefield Lodge; on this occasion I had a real Indian bow and arrows, the latter were deadly looking weapons, having broad steel heads, barbed and very sharp. This bow and arrows - six I think - had been sent over from Canada by Carter's younger brother, Fred, and he had obtained them from an American Indian. Carter was showing me how to shoot with them in the paddock and he evinced great skill, for as my mother entered the gate, fifty yards off, Carter took steady aim and an arrow just brushed past her hair, to my horror, and still more so when Carter afterwards told me he did it to show how near he could send an arrow past my mother's head without hitting it. Luckily for him, my father never heard of it, and my mother took it with her usual pluck, but gave Carter a talking to for indulging in such madly dangerous tricks. I have that Indian bow still, the arrows disappeared with my youth, but I have supplemented them with long Japanese ones, which were in frequent practice two years ago and carried far and accurately.

After Colonel Gairdner's death the estate in Tobago was sold and his widow

returned to England with her two sons Carter and Fred and her daughter Elizabeth Daking Gairdner, who were therefore educated in England, but I know not where. The first occupation Carter Gairdner went into I believe was as a clerk in the office of his cousin John Draper.
He then turned tutor, and the first place I recollect him at, was Abingdon School, but this must have been about 1880. From there he obtained a travelling tutorship as "bear leader" to a young American, the son of a dollar millionaire. This boy was about eighteen, rather stodgy, and when they were travelling in France, evinced a great liking for "Bourgundy" to use his own expression, a beverage which Carter himself had a great penchant for; in fact the object of the whole tour seemed to complete the education of both of them for wine merchants. They sampled wines from Boulogne to Rome, where Carter was unfortunate enough to sample the ague which he caught in the Campagnia and that laid him up for some time. When he returned to England, he simply effervesced with Italian expressions "Batti, batti, bel Marcetto!" (He'd been to the opera), "Corpo de acco", etc.
In asking after the last acquisition to our family he would say, "And how is the bambino?" He would be so pleased with the expression that he would repeat it two or three times, and titter.
Soon after his return I met him at Wimbledon by appointment (he was a master at Wimbledon College then). Our conversation turned on Italian wines. "Ah, my deah Hestings, you have never tasted 'spumasti' (I may not have got the right name). Come into the 'King's Arms' and we will have a bottle." I wondered.

We took our places at a table and Carter went out to give the order, but returned shortly after, followed by a waiter bearing two glasses of whisky and water - spumasti. Was not "on tap". I didn't wonder.

When Carter used to dine with me at 23 Holland Road, Kensington his diplomacy came out strongly. He liked my sherry, and directly after he had finished his glass he would say, "My deah Hastings, do have some more sherry, " to which I would invariably reply, "Help yourself, Carter."

Carter always wore a tortoiseshell-rimmed eyeglass with a silk guard; with this he

did great execution amongst the ranks of the nursery-maids in the Parks and elsewhere. My brother Edward once got hold of this eyeglass and took it down into the kitchen, where his wife was making pastry. He enclosed the eyeglass in moist dough, put it in the oven and baked it. It came out as opaque as frosted glass, and as useful.

Carter grew tired of teaching, went up to Trinity College Dublin as an outpatient - no, student, took degree and got into the Church. Here good fortune seemed to follow him. He became Rector of Clonard, County Meath, Ireland, a Protestant Church there. The wealthiest lady landowner in County Meath, Miss Magan, settled on him an annuity of £400 for his services in the parish, and made him a present of two white ponies and a cheise, so that he would have been comparatively happy, but he took the idea in his head that the Fenians were out to have a shot at him - Miss Magan's sister, or cousin, Mrs. Barbara Smythe, had been recently shot dead by them - Which seemed to prey upon Carter's mind. Miss Magan was an elderly lady with grey hair; she lived in the Manor House, which was in a large park with an otter stream running through it. She raised Arab horses from the mare, originally owned by the Sultan of Turkey, who rode it while he was in England. I saw him it at a review of my volunteer Corps, the Queen's Westminsters, at Wimbledon. It was a lovely cream white Arab mare. A strange incident happened to me while I was staying with my sister and her family at Bray, County Wicklow.

I had been invited to Misses Maran's to spend the day. The night before I went there, I dreamt that I was in a room in Miss Magan's house, in which was a large glass faced corner cupboard, and that in it were a bugle and a lot of warlike trophies. The next morning, after travelling by train through what appeared to be an interminable peat-bog country, I arrived at the station nearest to Miss Magan's, where her bailiff mat me in a high gig, and drove me to the manor house, he pointing out several white Arab horses of Miss Magan's which were grazing in a field. When we arrived I found that the front-door opened into a square hall, round which were Zulu cowhide shields and assegais; but in the dining-room adjoining. I got one of the surprises of my life; for there in a corner was the cupboard of my

dream with the bugle dully gleaming through the glass, and other trophies from the Crimean war which Miss Magan told me had been brought from the Crimea by her cousin, or nephew, Colonel Blood. Next to the bugle - which was one of those that sounded the charge at Balaclava - was a short clay pipe well coloured by Colonel Blood (then a subaltern) during the siege at Sebastopol; there were also a lot of other small trophies which I have forgotten.

I must here digress to say that this was not the only surprising dream I have had. A few months before my marriage, my fiancée, Josephine Jepson Irving, came to stay with us at Hopefield Lodge for a fortnight. Two days before she left, we were in the long cherry-tree walk among other things, she was wearing a very handsome pair of pendant gold earrings a present from her uncle Thomas Irving. We proposed to have a race (we were both only just twenty-one) the length of the cherry-tree walk, I giving her so many yards start. When she got half-way she suddenly turned her head to see how near she was, and in doing so, jerked off one of the earrings. We both stopped directly and searched for it; not only that day, but a good part of the next, we searched for that errant earring. I think I was by far the most anxious of the two, for I felt that it was part of the owner; but our search was in vain. We searched the thick box edging, and I think I even searched the hearts of the cabbages on the beds behind it but drew a blank. My dear prospective wife had to go home without it.
A fortnight afterwards my brother's wife Hannah was visiting us at Hopefield Lodge. One night, while she was there, I dreamt that I was walking down the cherry-tree walk, and that I saw the lost earring glittering in the box-edging of the walk on the left-hand side. The next morning I was walking with Hannah down this walk, and it suddenly recalled my dream; so I told her of it, and as I was finishing the story I said "There, Hannah, it was just about here, on the left of the Walk, that I saw the earring amongst that box edging---"

Suddenly with the exclamation: "My ----"

Here I broke off. There, sure enough, caught by a ray of the sun, was the glitter of the missing earring, which had hitherto escaped notice by re BBO n of the

thickness of the box plants. Needless to say, I wrote my fiancée by next post, a letter teeming with joy of it. These two dreams were not mere coincidences but in my belief, were the result of spiritual agencies similar to those accredited by my uncle Fred who died in Tobago, and whose letter thereon has been previously mentioned in these memoirs. Carter Gairdner died at Clonard on the 1st January 1890, and was buried there. He was in his fifty-seventh year.

I have not mentioned before that Colonel Gairdner and his wife Rebecca Daking left three other children beside Carter Alexander, namely, Elizabeth Daking Gairdner, who married Thomas Saummarez Lacy at Benares, India, the latter was four times married and died in 1885: the date of his wife Elizabeth Daking's death I do not know. Her sister was Margaret Joanna Gairdner, about whom I have no information. The other son, William Frederick Gairdner, came to see us when he was about seventeen or eighteen, and I was about twelve, when he came to Hopefield Lodge to say good-bye to us, as he had an appointment in the Hudson Bay Company in Canada, whither he was going with his cousin, General Tweedie's son. They both married females of American Indian descent, and William Frederick (generally known As Fred) had several children. He used to spend months in hunting and shooting expeditions after moose, buffaloes, etc., simply accompanied by an American Indian or two. While I was living in Holland Road, Kensington, he brought his wife and family to London. Edward saw them, but I did not, as Fred took his family back to the wilds beyond Winnipeg after a fortnight in London, as he could not stand the noise and crowds there. This was his only visit, I believe, and I have not heard of him since, but in reading an old volume of Harper's Magazine (about 1880) I saw an article there written by a Canadian, in which he stated that he had called at the station of one of the Hudson's Bay Company's officials named Gairdner for two Indian guides and spent the night at his, Gardner's place there, but could not sleep, as a party of American Indians were dancing all night on the floor beneath his bedroom and holding a pow-wow. Having told most of what I know of the past generation, I will not trespass upon the present one, but will now come to my conclusion in verse.

TO THE DEAR ONES.

Soon we may greet each loved familiar face
Which amongst our household gods now takes a place,
Their spirits still this mortal earth may grace
And still to us be near;
May prompt our actions, tell of dangers nigh
Although no voice we hear or warning cry,
Soul speaks to soul when none are by -
The voices of the dear.

HASTINGS CARTER DRAPER.
April 12th 1931.
(Aged 84, and not out.)

SUPPLEMENTARY CHAPTER.

I was going to call this "Appendix, but as I find these memoirs require an addition instead of an excision. I consider the above title more appropriate. The first addition is a welcome one, from the pen of Professor Thomas Walne Morgan Draper, evidently one of our distant American cousins, whose Transatlantic acquaintance I made by post. While I was in practice I had advertised in a New York paper for the next of kin of a deceased client. It brought me a letter from the Professor (with which title his letter was signed) saying he had seen my name in the New York paper and asking me which branch of the Draper family I belonged to, in which he was interested as he had written a history of the Draper family who were in America; that he had been an explorer of the ancient cities of Mexico and Peru and written thereon.

In reply I gave him the required information and stated that I had contributed a little prose and verse to magazines. He wrote back and suggested that I should write a history of the Draper family in England, and at the same time kindly forwarded me a long list of authorities thereon at the British Museum and Guildhall.

This was lost when I left my office, but not the idea of the history, which I cherished and nourished until it bore the foregoing fruit.
The following is an extract from the Professor's History of the Drapers in America, which has recently been forwarded to me by Mrs. Hester Wood, formerly my nephew Herbert Draper's widow, now living at Medford, Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A.

101.

THE DRAPERS IN AMERICA

Being HISTORY AND GENEALOGY of those of that Name and Connection

By
THOMAS WALNE MORGAN DRAPER C.E.M.E.

New York
John Polhemus Printing Compy.
121 Foulton Street.
1892.

The Drapers originally went to America owing to religion - They were Puritans. James Draper and his wife Miriam Stansfield settled in Roxbury, Massachusetts. They died in 1694.

Mention is made of William Draper, convert of the Latter Day Saints, born Apr 24th, 1807, in Canada, died 1886. Had seven wives and fifty children. The Drapers came to England about 1400 A.D. From Normandy or Brittany.

EXTRACTS from the Records of Yorkshire concerning the STANSFIELDS and DRAPERS:-

> William le Drapour granted to Thomas le Drapour, his brother, certain lands &c. which he had of the feoffment of John Drapour his brother.
>
> Witnesses -
>
> Rad'us de Stanfield
> Henry Savill de Cuppeley
> Thomas del Schagh
> Henry del Brigs
> Richard de Wad sworth.
>
> (The above would prove the Drapers to have been of French or Brittany ancestry, like the Stansfields; and it also conclusively proves their arrival origin in Yorkshire prior to 1415)

(This note is by Harry Carter Draper of "St. Kevins, Dalkey, Co. Dublin". Some date has probably been omitted as the extract contains no such proof.)

On 29th May Henry VIII (1515) Jacobus Stanfield nup' de Stanfeld in the Parish of Heptonstall on com Ebor generosus was bound Henry Draper in £40 to keep covenant.

(Here for the first time is the name evolved from Le Drapour, Dra pur, Drapar to Draper spelt as it is at the present day.)

The Drapers in the dim recesses of the past were natives of Yorkshire, England, and of or near Heptonstall, and undoubtedly all of that name were descended from William, John and Henry le Drapour. The native place of the Drapers and Stanfields is a village and parochial Chapelry in Halifax Parish, West Riding Yorkshire. In the village of Heptonstall there is a Draper's Lane, and formerly all the land on either side of it was the property of our ancestors. Our ancestors were undoubtedly large landowners in Heptonstall, Wadsworth, Sowerby, Stanfield and other small villages. Within two miles of Heptonstall.

The Heptonstall records of the Drapers begin with the first year in which they were kept - 1590. The founder of our family in that Parish must not have been baptised, or was baptised prior to 1590. No records exist of his birth, marriage or the name of his wife. He was a fuller, or one who manufactured cloth and fulled it ready to be made into clothes in addition to weaving he also fulled other peoples's cloth.
The name Draper appears in the Parish Records of Melbourne, Derbyshire, for many years, the earliest being William Draper wedded to May Hall, in an old Norman Church in 1692.

Sir Christopher Draper, Sheriff 1560, Lord Mayor of London 1567. Knighted 1568.

Sir Thomas Draper of Sunninghill Park Berkshire, created Baronet 1660, married heiress of family of Carey, Sunninghill. Having no son the title expired in 1703. His grandson, Thomas Draper Barber, inherited Sunninghill, and sold it in 1769 to Jeremiah Crutchley Esq.

Major General Sir William Draper, born in Bristol 1721, died at Bath 1787. His father, Ingleby Draper, Was an officer of Customs in Bristol.
His grandfather, William Draper, was a famous fox- hunting squire. His uncle, Charles

Draper Captain of Dragoon s8, and a cousin of Col. Edwin Draper (Edward Draper? H.C.D.) born at Merton, Oxfordshire Oct. 22nd 1776. All this goes to show the relationship of the Oxfordshire and Yorkshire Drapers, and there seems to be no doubt that the Middlesex Drapers, and Drapers in various counties, all owed their origin to the same source.

The Irish branch of the family would appear to be descended from two English officers of the name who went to the relief of Derry in 1676, after whom Draperstown in the north of Ireland is named. Richard Draper, first Irish Draper, lived in County Kilkenny, then in Gurteen, King's County.

H.C.D.'s NOTES ON THE FOREGOING EXTRACTS.

In these extracts I note that a William Draper who emigrated to Canada was mentioned as having become one of the "Latter day Saints" and had seven wives and fifty children; one would consider him now as a later day sinner with a Hollywood film star record as far as the wives were concerned, but this remark does not embrace the children. Prof. Draper's statement that the Drapers came from Normandy or Brittany about 1400 A.D. coincides with mine.
Also that a John (or Sir John) Draper settled in Yorkshire about the year 1400, and that he was the Adam of our Draper family here.
I have not come across our name spelt as "Drapour".
In the note to Froissart's Chronicles the Draper there mentioned as being with the Black Prince, is Sir John Draper.
Prof. Draper's statements about Major General Sir William Draper, whose tomb I saw in the Churchyard of St. Mary Redcliff Bristol, tally with mine.
I agree with him also that the Middlesex and other County Drapers are all from the same source, namely John Draper of Yorkshire. The Drapers seem to have spread from Yorkshire through Norfolk, Derbyshire, Oxford, Berkshire, Bucks., Middlesex, Surrey and Kent, to the coast, but not back to France.
Some of them went West - I mean to Bath and Bristol. Many emigrated to America during the Civil war, Cromwell's time, Charles II's and James II's, according to their religion. This exodus especially took place from Yorkshire.

At the present day there are more than forty different families of the Draper family in Boston Massachusetts, the principal Draper there being Major Robert Draper of "Hopefield" (by a strange coincidence as Hopefield Lodge" was the name of my father's house at Hanwell).
This Major Robert Draper was the son of General Eben Draper of the same place (strange I should have had an uncle Eben, but he went to Mauritius). This General Draper died, leaving an estate of Twelve Million Dollars, and was the Governor of Massachusetts U.S.A.
One of his daughters was Margaret Preston Draper, who flung herself into war activities in 1914. She was afterwards married to Prince Andrea Boncompagni of

Rome, by Cardinal Gibbons, in her late father's ballroom, which was converted into a chapel for the occasion. There, were present the Russian and Italian ambassadors, Chief Justice White, and others of national prominence. This Wedding Was in 1916 and the couple went to live in the Boncompagni Palace in Italy. Miss Ruth Draper, the celebrated raconteuse, Comes from America, but I know not which branch of the Drapers she is of.

MRS PERCIVAL'S LETTER

While my nephew Herbert Draper's widow Hester, was in Wales she made the, acquaintance of a Mrs. Percivel, who had been a Miss Draper. After Hester had left North Wales she referred me to Mrs. Percival for information as to her branch of the Draper family. I therefore wrote to her accordingly and mentioned that I had had possession of the commission of Lieutenant Edward Draper (I think in the Foot Guards) which was dated the year before Culloden. In reply, Mrs. Percival wrote me the following letter:

Bryn Mewr
Tan-y-Bwlch S.O.
Merioneth. N. Wales.
July 20th 1924.

Dear Sir,

I regret your letter has been so long unanswered but it was sent to my son's house, where I was living when I met your niece. My son's house was shut up for six months or more and your letter was not forwarded as it was put among a number of papers not sent on hence the delay.
The only Edward Draper I know about was the son of William Draper of Wooton, Oxon and Beswick Yorks.
His, Edward's son William Draper of Wooton, Oxon, was my great grandfather, and his son Edward Alured was my great uncle and was in the Scote Guards. If you still have his will I shall be greatly obliged if you will allow me to see it. I will take every Care of it and return it to you safely. Can you give me any particulars of Edward Draper who was at the battle of Culloden? What regiment was he in? And when and where was he born? Or lived?

My great uncle Edward Alured Draper was at the taking of Lucia - and chosen by General Grenfell to bring the dispatch home, for which he received a Majority and a gift from the King George 3rd of £500. Alured was a name in his mother's family. She was a Miss Popple. Edward Draper, son of William Draper Esq. of Beswick I have always heard was killed at the battle of Dettigen, but I am doubtful about that, as a picture I have of Edward Draper has the sign of an Aide de Camp, and an Edward Draper was Aide de Camp to the then Duke of Marlborough, and this picture may be the same Edward Draper who was at Culloden, but he was not the grandson of Evelyn, but the son of William Draper of and heiress of Beswick, and his mother was a Beswick.
I shall be glad of any information you can give me, especially any actual dates.

Believe me
Yours Sincerely,
J. Percival,

I hope your niece is well. Is she still in America?

NOTES AS TO MRS. PERCIVAL'S LETTER

Her branch of the Draper family evidently came from the Puritan Captain William Draper, who I should think was the great-grandfather Mrs. Percival speak of, and Edward Alured Draper of the Scots Guards was her great uncle and the son of this Captain William Draper, the Puritan of Cromwell's time. With regard to Edward Alured Draper- had a parchment commission which I had given a guinea for TO an acquaintance who told me he had purchase it in a curiosity shop in Lambeth; it was a lieutenant's commission in the 2nd Guards (The Scots I believe), and by it Edward Alured Draper was appointed lieutenant to that regiment.
This commission was lost when my nephew Herbert Draper purchased my business, as it was my iron safe then. My father told me that my grandfather, Carter Draper, when he was living in Walcott Place, had the gauntlets and pistols belonging to a near relative of his, a Lieutenant Draper, possibly a great-uncle, who after the battle of Culloden rode from that battlefield to London and gave King George Il news of the victory personally, and in reward for which and for his services in the battlefield, the King gave him his Captaincy. My father told me that

he had often seen these gauntlets and pistols at Walcott Place, but I believe they were either stolen during the burglary which took place there while the family were all absent at the marriage at Lambeth Church of Elizabeth Daking to Colonel Gairdner, or were lost in a fire at Walcott Place while my grandfather was at Tobago. The above certainly points to some connection between Mrs. Percival's branch of the Draper family and ours, although there is a discrepancy as to the battle, and the reward after the battle, although for a similar service. There are many Edward Drapers who were officers and whose marriages are registered at Guildhall, London - so many that they are confusing; but I do not see one to a Miss Popple in the list I have from my brother, so I must leave this puzzle to younger heads than mine. The main point in my consideration is - of whom was my great-grandfather William Draper the son? He may have been the son of Edward or John Draper, the male issue of the marriage of William Draper and Susannah Evelyn; one reason for my thinking so, is on account or the remarkable resemblance between Sir Richard Evelyn the Diarist's father and my own father. I therefore will quote the description of him from the "Kalemdariun" at the commencement of Evelyn's Diary (edited by William Bray Esq.)

> My father, named Richard, was of a sanguine complexion mixed with a dash of colour, his hair inclining to light, his countenance was clear and fresh-coloured, his eyes quick and piercing, an ample forehead, manly aspect, Low of stature but very strong. His wisdom was great, his judgment acute, of a thriving neate and methodical, liberal on all just occasions to his children, strangers, and servants, a love of hospitality and Christian moderation in all his actions.

Anyone who knew my father would at once recognise all the above as his characteristics, and that they would apply in every point as a faithful description of him. The Diarist's daughter Susannah had many accomplishments which my aunts had, especially music and art. I think, with my brother Edward, that my great-grandfather William Draper may have been the son of the second son, John. of William and Susannah Draper (nee Evelyn). Edward goes farther than this and says this William Draper, and that this Samuel Draper had married Susannah Evelyn's aunt, and that therefore William Draper married his first cousin (Susannah), that he (Samuel) was the “Uncle Samuel" mentioned in my great-grandfather's diary, and

that Samuel Draper's son, Richard, was his cousin. My brother's opinion of the above relationship is, I think, founded on the fact that the diarist speaks of his son-in- law's mother as "sister", but I do not think she was , according to the before mentioned Kalendarium. The Diariest had not a sister named Susan; one was named Eliza and the other Jane, also he would have been too old, but it might have been his Son Samuel. The William Draper who married Susannah Evelyn, I believe died about a year before her.
She died in 1737 - 1738. The following is a copy of the will of a Mrs. Susannah Draper, written in French:

> In the name of God Amen. Susannah Draper of Fleet Street in the Parish of St. Bridget otherwise St. Brides, London, widow being weak in body but of sound mind and memory do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following that is to say Imprimis. I recommend my Soul to Almighty God hoping through the merits of my saviour Jesus Christ to obtain remission and forgiveness of all my Sins.
> My body I commit to the earth to be buried at the discretion of my executors. After all my just debts and funeral charges shall be paid and satisfied, I give to my only son John Draper all my rings, jewels, plates and watches that I am anyways possessed of or entitled and also my straw coloured padisuoy suit of cloths, my crimson damask night gown. Two mantua silk quilted petticoats, the one perl colored, the other blew, eight fine shifts, six aprons, a black velvet hood and long scarf with straw colours lining two short aprons ten cambric handkerchiefs and all my laces and head clothes whatsoever (except one with double ruffles and handkerchief which with the remainder of my wearing apparel I give to my sister Rachel Watts)
> Item all the rest: residue and remainder of my goods, chattels, debts, ready money, household furniture, stock in trade and all others of my estate of what kind or nature so ever that do or shall be anyways due, owing or belonging to me or that I shall be anyways possessed of, interested in or entitled unto at the time of my decease. I give devise and bequeath the same and every part thereof unto my good friends William Cornellus of Saint Clement Danes in the County of Middlesex, Vintner and Thomas BodiCoate of London Merchant.
> To hold to the said William Cornelius and Thomas Bodicoate their heirs &c. for ever.
> In trust nevertheless in the first place for the payment of all such debts as I shall justly and truly owe at the time for my decease and also the charges of my funeral and after payment of my said debts and funeral charges. In trust for said son John Draper his heirs &c. and I hereby appoint the said William Cornelius and Thomas Bodicoate joint

executors of this my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal the 26th day of November in the year 1757---Susanna Draper. Signed, sealed, published and declared by the said T statrix Susanna

Draper as and for her last wlll and Testament in the presence of us who have at her request in her presence subscribed our names as witnesses to the same Robt. Eden - Robt. Moore - John Hine.

(Proved 3rd March 1738 in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury London by Mr. Bodicoate only Power reserved to Mr. Cornelius.)"

Now I am veritably puzzled about this lady. I do not think she could have been Susannah Evelyn, afterwards the wife and widow of William Draper, as my brother thought, although by a strange coincidence she died the same year. In my opinion she was the wife of Samuel Draper a vintner (winemerchant) in the City, and he I think must have been one of my grandfather's cousins and possibly a son of the Samuel Draper who was either a merchant or publisher in the year 1650 as before mentioned. I am inclined to think this for the following reasons: this testatrix mentions her sister Rachel Watts, and about that period, Jonson's, the publishers, in which firm was formerly either Samuel or William Henry Draper, the firm afterwards took a partner named Watts, who in all probability married this Susanna's sister, or her maiden name might have been Watts. Again with regard to the executor, Mr. Cornelius mentioned in the will, this is an uncommon name, yet my grandfather Carter Draper chose it for a Christian name for one of his children, who did not survive infancy; possibly therefore this Mr. Cornelius may have been a friend of the family. I believe that this testatrix, Susanna Draper, was the widow of Samuel Draper, a vintner in St, Bridgets in the city and whose death is recorded a year or two before her decease.

I am afraid all these Drapers are somewhat confusing, and I must conclude in the words of Don Alhambra, the Grand Inquisitor in "The Gondoliers" -

110.

Which was which he could never make out
In spite of his best endeavour
Of this there is no manner of doubts
Any probable, possible shadow of doubt
In fact any doubt whatever.

FINISHED